

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Maximize Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser
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Sunday, Oct. 3, 1937



Songs That Will Live Forever A New Series of Paintings
by Henry Clive

On the Road to Mandalay

By Rudyard Kipling

By the old Moulinet Pagoda,

Lookin' eastward to the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin',

And I know she thinks o' me.

—From "Barrack-Room Ballads," Permission of Mrs.
Rudyard Kipling.

Newest Rivals for the Real-life Popeye Championship



Leonard J. Cartwright, of Jamesburg, New Jersey, Whose Fellow Townsman Can't Believe That Any Human Being Could Look More Like Popeye Than He Does. Cartwright, Like the Character He Imitates, Is a Real Sailorman, Having Done a Hitch in the Navy and Now Operates His Own Fishing Boat on the Jersey Coast.



It Was This Picture of Raymond Boyakin, of Salt Lake City, Which Started the Popeye Championship Contest When It Appeared in The American Weekly. This Initiator of the Celebrated Comic Strip and Movie Here Fares Good So Far as Eat Regular Dozes of Spinach.

SEVERAL weeks ago The American Weekly published a picture of one Raymond Boyakin, of Salt Lake City, a flexible-faced gentleman who thinks he can look like Popeye, spinach-eating hero of the comic strips, the movies and the radio. Mr. Boyakin goes around in a sea-going cap and a sailor's blouse, spiced-off corn-cob pipe in his mouth, amusing the youngsters in his vicinity.

The picture and brief description of the Salt Lake City initiator of Popeye started something. Some days ago a man walked into The American Weekly editorial rooms. Without benefit of introduction, he put a seaman's cap on his head, stuck a stubby corn-cob in his mouth, folded his mouth up under his rather bulbous nose and inquired, "Who's this?" He tossed Mr. Boyakin's picture on a desk and added, "and if I don't look more like Popeye than that guy, I'll buy an order of spinach for the entire staff."

The caller is Leonard J. Cartwright, New Jersey, who, like Popeye, is a sailor man who owns a sea skiff in which he takes fishing parties off the New Jersey coast. What more, he says, he's done a hitch in Uncle Sam's navy.

A staff photographer aimed his camera at the New



In the Southwest, the Most Successful Real-life Popeye Seems to Be J. M. Taber, of Arkansas Pass, Texas. Taber's Remarkably Flexible Lower Jaw and Bulbous Nose Are Great Helps to Him in His Impersonation of the Spinach-eating Fish Known to Millions of People.

Jersey Popeye, with the result shown in the picture at the extreme left of the page. Beside it, in the round frame, is the photograph that inspired Mr. Cartwright to visit The American Weekly.

The day after Cartwright's visit the photograph at the extreme right of the page arrived from Texas. With it was a penciled note signed by J. M. Taber, of Arkansas Pass, who explained that the photograph was of himself and, if he did seem boastful, much more Popeye-like than the likeness of Mr. Boyakin he had seen in The American Weekly. "I thought," he said, "that you might like to see the REAL Popeye—and I don't use no putty on my face, either."

The American Weekly, declining the fickle job of picking a winner among these rivals, invited Segar, the creator of Popeye, his friends, Olive Oil, Wimpy and other celebrated characters of the comic strips, to furnish one of his drawings of Popeye to cast a weather eye on his froth-and-blood imitators. He seems to be having a little trouble, or maybe he's waiting for more claimants before he bestows the crown on anyone.



Armless, But He Won a Nation-wide Contest in Penmanship

ALTHOUGH 10-year-old Edward Higgins, of Pueblo, Colorado, was born without arms, he not only can do practically everything with his fingers but in some cases he does things even better. This was shown recently when he won a national award

in penmanship against a field of skillful competitors.

When Edward was very young, his parents, instead of pampering him, decided that the thing to do was to treat him just as they would a youngster who had both arms, so that he would not develop an inferiority complex and become shy and timid. He went in for the same activities and rough and tumble as any other healthy, growing youngster and had the average crop of bumps and bruises. He learned to dress

himself with his toes and after awhile he developed such skill in using them that he could even sew on buttons with them.

"He's a typical American boy," his teacher recently remarked about Edward, who is now in the sixth grade of public school.

Besides being an expert penman, Edward shows artistic talent and enjoys sketching with his toes. He is also an adept with carpenter's tools and wants to be a mechanic when he grows up. He has his own set of tools which he uses in doing odd jobs around the house and in making useful objects. Some months ago when his parents gave him

the tools, the first thing he did was to make a tool box to keep them in and his folks point out that the chest was made so well that many a grownup would be proud to own it.

Naturally the news of Edward's skill with his toes has spread far beyond Pueblo. He has had many offers to appear in showboats but both he and his parents have firmly turned these offers down.

"Edward is no freak," the latter declares. "He is a normal boy in everything except his lack of arms."

This is shown in the matter-of-fact way in which he uses his toes. There is nothing morbid in his use of them

such as characterize the "armless wonders" of the circus who capitalize their misfortune before curious crowds.

Because Edward has been doing things for himself from a very early age, not only are his toes sensitive and extremely flexible but his leg muscles are also unusually developed. He can lift relatively heavy objects with his toes and place them on tables and other places above the floor.

In the use of his legs he is as adept as a dancer who spends many hours in limbering up exercises. This is shown especially when he dresses and feeds himself.

Edward's success in overcoming his handicap has occasioned him many offers to appear in showboats.

Some years ago an armless young woman, Miss Martha Hale, a freshman at the University of California, demonstrated that she was also a gifted penman with her toes. She became so skillful in their use that she could even thread a needle, a thing which many people do only clumsily with their hands.

She did intricate embroidery of which any girl would be proud, painted with unusual talent, knitted sweaters and socks, manipulating four needles at a time with her toes, while holding the yarn around her knees.



Odd Beauty-and-the-Beast Partnership

THEY may be just monkey shins to Charlie, a six-year-old chimpanzee, but to patrons of one of New York's popular night clubs, it's a new and unusual kind of acrobatic dancing which Charlie does nightly with his attractive human partner, Kitty Mara.

When the dance team of Charlie and Mara came to New York recently after a European tour, Charlie Mara explained that her Simian partner was no novelty or animal act idea originated to interest bored night club

patrons but that Charlie really knew how to dance. Then and there she proceeded to demonstrate his ability, guiding Charlie through the steps of an Apache dance.

This is one of several dances in Charlie's repertoire, all taught him by Miss Mara. Charlie seems to have an "ear" for music as well as a memory. Miss Mara explained, and certain sounds made by a dance orchestra, such as softening from brasses to strings or drums, appear to prompt his memory. Due to this musical prompting, he not only is able to dance with Miss Mara but he can go through simple routines by himself and rarely becomes confused.

He quickly became accustomed to the atmosphere of a New York night club and only lost his presence of mind once. That was when he was doing a series of handprints in an acrobatic solo, a specialty which Miss Mara taught him and which he seems to especially enjoy. Suddenly in the midst of his performance a police radio car roared up the avenue, its siren screaming shrilly. The noise of the siren was something new in his experience. He stopped his dance immediately and fled to Miss Mara for protection.

After being soothed by her he was given a banana and coaxed out to the dance floor again to finish his performance. Then, as if ashamed of being frightened, he went through his dance again, handprints included, with good measure.

Miss Mara says that Charlie makes the ideal dancing partner. He is always on time, always sober and except for such episodes as that of the police siren, never gets too sentimental. He prefers to dance to classical or semi-classical music, a jazz and swing time do not appear to have enough of the "music" prompting cues for one of his routines.

He enjoys applause as much as a human performer. Miss Mara says, "I've never heard to get it."



The Acrobatic Dancing Team of Charlie and Mara, Photographed as They Arrive From Successful Appearances in Europe to Amuse Patrons in a New York Night Club. Charlie is a Six-year-old Chimpanzee and his Partner, Miss Kitty Mara, Says That She Prefers His Professional Services to That of Any Human Dancing Partner.

"Witch Doctor" Jailed for Hypnotizing Police

BECAUSE three gendarmes in succession who came to investigate his "hypnotic eyes" walked back to headquarters carrying their bicycles on their heads and with their minds blank, Ben Abakuk, a kypsy, was recently jailed by a local magistrate in Sancerre, France.

It was all right for Abakuk to work his spells, to make hay grow longer and cows give better milk, the magistrate said, but making three gendarmes look

ridiculous was something else again. And so Abakuk was jailed for "rebellion against the public force."

The strange case started when Abakuk, whose real name is Pierre Muller, drove into the village of Sancerre in a horse-drawn caravan.

Within a month his fame as hypnotist had grown to such proportions that he was regarded as a demigod. "He cured my horse," "He makes my hay grow longer," "My cows are giving better milk," were a few of the

praises the villagers whispered. As his fame spread by word of mouth from village to village people flocked to Sancerre to ask Abakuk to work miracles for them and soon the gendarmes in that section of France also became interested.

One gendarme was sent to investigate Abakuk. He reported back to headquarters with his bicycle on his head. The same happened to the second and the third. Then a whole squad was sent and the kypsy went to jail.

Ten-Year-Old Edward Higgins, the Armless Colorado Penman, Who Is Expected to Win, With Attention, Several National Contests.

Mystery of the One Minute Murder in the Paris Subway

During the 60 Seconds While the Train Passed From the First to the Second Station Somebody Entered the First-Class Car, Drove a Stiletto Through the Throat of Laetitia Toureaux, Blonde Police Spy, and Got Away Unnoticed

The Stiletto (Ten Inches Long and a Favorite Apache Weapon) Which Was Thrust Through Laetitia's Throat.

PARIS, Sept. 27. WEARING a conspicuous white dress, Mme. Laetitia Toureaux, blonde police spy, walked across a crowded platform, in plain view of a hundred or more persons, and entered an empty first-class subway coach at exactly 6:30 o'clock one Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, at Porte de Charenton, the starting point of the train.

One minute later, when the train stopped at Porte Dorée, the next station, she was found lying on the floor of the otherwise empty coach, a stiletto driven through her neck. She made a desperate effort to speak, but was unable to do so, and died shortly afterwards.

A number of people have told the police they saw her enter the coach. But no one saw the murderer get on the train and no one saw him leave it—at least, no one who is willing to tell.

Yet the murderer was in that coach long enough to drive his stiletto through the jugular vein of the pretty, thirty-year-old widow—who had a long police record as a double-crossing underworld character—and he left the train while it was standing still. All the windows were down, securely locked inside. So he could not have reached through an open window from the platform and stabbed her just before the train pulled out of Porte de Charenton, and he couldn't have jumped from a window just as the train was slowing down for Porte Dorée.

There are only two ways he could have entered the "murder car."

He might have gone in through the regular entrance, as she did, either a little ahead of her or right behind her. But if so many people saw her go into the coach, why didn't someone see him?

Or he might have entered from the second-class coach, through the end door, and after stabbing Mme. Toureaux, gone back the same way, making his escape in the crowd after the train had stopped. But it is a most unusual thing for subway passengers in Paris to move from a second-class to a first-class coach while a train is in motion, so the man would have been noticed.

What happened during that brief, sixty-seconds ride between the two stations is as much a mystery now as it was when the Paris Bureau first started working on the case. But detectives have found out about a number of interesting things that happened just before and after.

Shortly before 6:30 Mme. Toureaux rode up to the subway station in a bus. The bus conductor remembered her because she had a blue ribbon on her

Mme. Laetitia Toureaux, Known Sometimes as "The Merry Widow," Whose One-Minute Murder in the Paris Subway Has Up to Date Proved to Be "the Perfect Crime."

dress that looked like a Legion of Honor decoration. Right behind the bus was an automobile, with two men in it—several witnesses recalled that and also that one of the men, who had a broken nose, got out of the automobile and followed Mme. Toureaux into the station. He was seen standing right behind her while she bought her ticket.

The police would like very much to get their hands on that man, but they do not believe he was the one who committed the murder. A man with a broken nose is almost as conspicuous as a pretty woman in a white dress. So they do not think he would run the risk of following her any further. Instead, they believe he was the "finger-man," who stood close behind her at the ticket window to see which class ticket she bought and then signalled this information to a confederate on the platform.

Less than a minute after she bought her ticket the empty train pulled into Porte de Charenton, and at least a dozen persons watched her walk into

the empty first-class coach. To get ahead of her the murderer would have had to skip through the door like a jackrabbit, and that would hardly have passed unnoticed. But if he followed right on her heels, the men who had been looking over her shoulder would have certainly speculated on what he was up to.

The fact that no other passengers entered that car is not unusual. It costs more to travel in first-class coaches, and they are often empty for several stations after a train sets out.

—And this was a crowd of working-class Parisians, returning from the country. Laetitia herself usually traveled second-class but her mother was able to explain why she made an exception on this occasion. She was wearing that new white dress, with white hat and white shoes, and she didn't want to get them soiled by contact with the crowd. It was a small extravagance, but most of her life she had been extravagant, and it was this last little luxury that led her directly to her death.

The police believe that the man who killed her was merely a hired assassin, and had probably never seen her until she was pointed out to him at the ticket window by the man with the broken nose. So if she had ridden in a second-class car, he probably couldn't have killed her on the train, but would have had to shadow her, waiting for a more favorable opportunity. And she might have escaped.

However the killer got into the coach and however he got out again, the scene which he was there must have been an eerie one—a speeding subway car, the windows and doors all closed,

and no one in it except a pretty young woman in her Sunday clothes, and a killer with a stiletto, and only sixty seconds to finish his job. It may be that he crept up behind her and struck before she knew what was happening. Or, perhaps she saw him coming, and sprang up from her seat, dashing wildly up and down the aisle, trying to get away from him and screaming. The next car was crowded, but the rattle of the train was so loud no one could hear a scream.

So she was trapped—and there was no escape. At exactly 6:31 the train thundered into Porte Dorée, and as it slowed down and came to a stop, a young man and three girls, who did not know him, moved over toward the first-class carriage. Through the windows they saw a fearful sight.

A woman in white lay on the floor, trying to raise herself on one elbow, and around the neck of her dress was a bright stain, like a crimson yoke. The young man flung open the door and rushed in, followed by the three girls. With frantic eyes, the woman on the floor appealed to them, and strained to speak, but she could only make short, gasping noises because the stiletto was sticking through her wind pipe.

With the authoritative manner of a doctor, the young stranger bent over and examined the handle of the knife, protruding from the woman's neck, and tried to catch the soundless words her lips were forming. After a second or so he straightened up.

"It's no use," he said. "She's beyond aid. She can't speak. Don't touch her. The thing to do is call the police."

With that, he turned on his heel, and quickly walked out, disappearing on the street above. But the girls ran out screaming, and that quickly brought

both objects he failed. "Why did you do it?" he asked, jumping to the conclusion that it was suicide, and he listened intently for an answer. But nothing came from Laetitia's lips except a gurgling sound, followed by a dull rattle. She died a little later in the St. Antoine Hospital. Like most other Paris stations, Porte Dorée has a set of iron doors that can be closed by the touch of a button in the ticket agent's booth. But nobody thought of doing that until many of the passengers had gone on out to the street and vanished. Yet it should have been clear at first glance that this was a case of murder, for the knife had been driven down through the back of the neck. That required exceptional strength, and even the most powerful man would have had difficulty killing himself, such a manner.

What the girls said about the authoritative young man showed that he couldn't have done the killing, yet his behavior seemed peculiar, to say the least. But while the police were searching for him, he voluntarily appeared the next morning at headquarters and cleared himself with an explanation that was typically French. He was a naval dentist, on his way to keep an appointment with a temperamental fiancee who had threatened to break the engagement if he was ever late again. Seeing that nothing could be done to save Mme. Toureaux, he hurried away.

The police are not convinced that the murderer was planning all along to kill Laetitia on the train. It may be that after the man with the broken nose "put the finger" on her, the murderer ducked into the empty first-class coach. The motor coach train stopped, thinking he would have it all to himself, for a few stations at least, and thus avoid being remembered as the man who was shadowing the woman in white. Perhaps he knew where

she was going to get off, and meant to follow her to a deserted street.

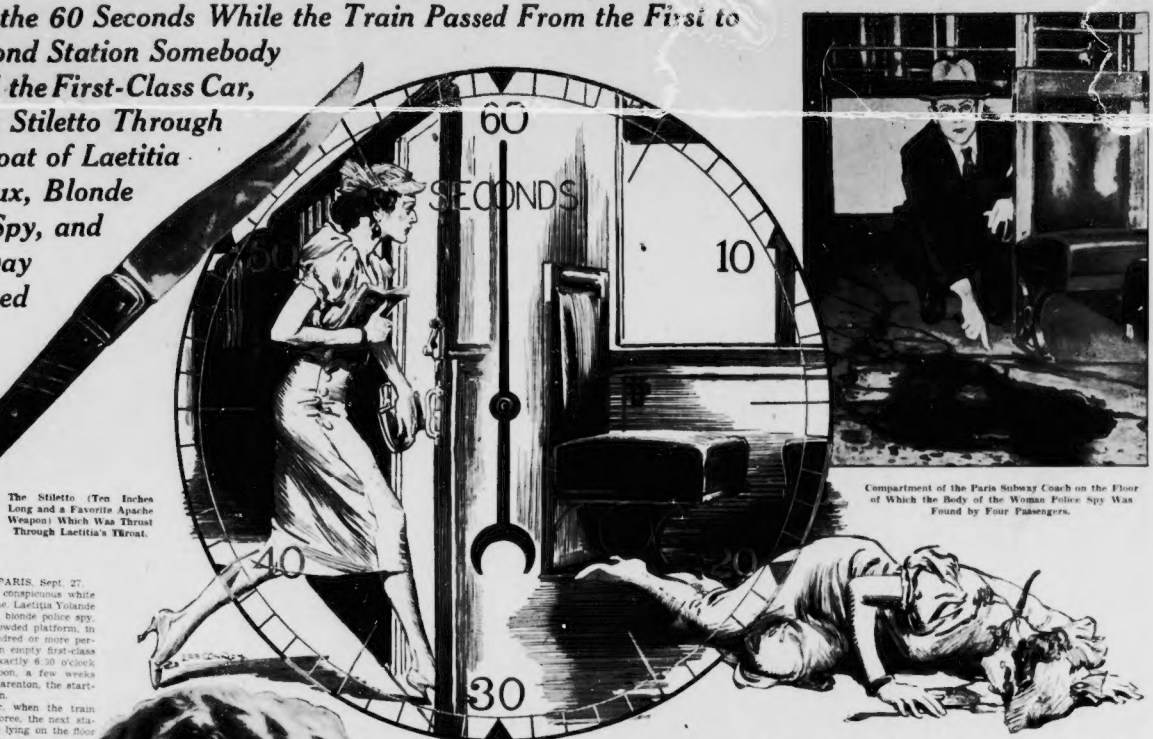
In that case the victim surprised him by blundering right in on his privacy. The train started, and in a flash the killer realized that here was his chance, but he had only sixty seconds alone with his prey. On the floor was found one of Laetitia's jade earrings—no perhaps she had dropped it and was bending over searching for it, when he drove the knife through her wind pipe.

As for motive, the police found themselves overwhelmed with possibilities. From their own records they know of scores of people who might have wished to murder Mme. Toureaux. Born in Italy, she became a French citizen by marriage, and when her husband died ten years ago he left her a tidy fortune. But she lived like a Italian's sweetheart until the last franc was gone, and then went to work for a private detective agency that specialized in getting divorce evidence.

This presented tempting opportunities for blackmail, and before long the police were after her. But she was so clever they couldn't get any evidence on her, so they decided to make use of her cleverness and gave her a job as a spy. Once, while posing as a hostess in a night club, she danced with a man named Blondau, suspected of being a member of a white slave ring, and managed to slip an incriminating letter from his pocket. This she gave to a police messenger who brought it back half an hour later showing no signs that it had been stained open and a photostatic copy made. Then she danced with Blondau again, slipping the letter back. Months later, when the police confronted him with evidence, she eyes flashed and she said, "for he was sure he had burned that letter."

Sometimes known as the "Merry Widow," she often did her "Act of Spades," an Apache dive. She took all kind of risks, and laughed when the police warned her. She spied on rightist deputies and out, for he was silent to their opposition to a socialist government, and got evidence on reds accused of plotting to wreck factories. At the same time she took spying jobs for underworld characters, playing both ends against the middle, and double-crossing everybody.

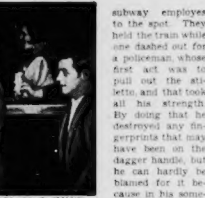
When she left the *Ermitage* Ball the Sunday afternoon she was killed, she was double-crossing as usual. In her handbag was an unmailed letter of false excuses for missing a dinner date with one man and right, besides it a love letter from another, who is believed to be the one she was on her way to meet. But her real rendezvous turned out to be with death, with whom she had been flirting long enough.



At Precisely 6:30 in the Evening Laetitia Stepped Into the First-Class Compartment of the Subway Train and the Doors Closed Upon Her—and at Exactly 6:31 She Was Discovered in the Still Empty Compartment Dying with a Stiletto Driven Through Her Throat—in One Revolution of the Second Hand the Murderer Got Away Unseen and Had Escaped.



At the Bar of the "Act of Spades," Where Laetitia Sometimes Acted as Hostess and Where Some of the Most Desperate Apaches of Paris Gather.



Compartment of the Paris Subway Coach on the Floor of Which the Body of the Woman Police Spy Was Found by Four Passengers.

Miss Buffin, Who Doesn't Need a Gun When She Sets Out After Rattlesnakes, Moles and Other Big and Dangerous Snakes, Calmly Walks a Black Diamond Rattlesnake Which Has Just Recooled After a Lightning-Fast Lunge. The Rattler Is Fast and Tricky.



Capturing Venomous Snakes Her Hobby

CAPTURING poisonous snakes is a hobby in which very few women would find enjoyment. Even the thrill seekers among the fair sex who go in for airplane stunting or para-

chute jumping admit that their activities are tame compared to that of 26-year-old Pearl Buffin, of Miami, Florida. Miss Buffin not only has caught more than 2,000 rattlesnakes, cottonmouths, moccasins and other kinds of snakes during the past eight years, but she has done so with her bare hands.

As a snake hunter, Miss Buffin might be called both an amateur and a professional. She donates her services in the interest of science to the Zoological Department of the University of Michigan for whom she collects some specimens, while leather goods dealers, laboratories and experimental stations pay her for the snakes she brings to them for hides and venom.

She became interested in her strange hobby when she killed a red-bellied mud snake in a canal some years ago and brought it to Roy Montgomery, a commercial reptile hunter, who made her a pocketbook from the skin. Fascinated by what Montgomery told her about snake lore, she asked him to teach her the technique of catching and handling snakes.

It was slow work at first and Miss Buffin was very timid but by accustoming herself to the presence of reptiles she overcame her fear. Then followed months of observation from which she evolved three vital rules. They are: (1) Never be in a hurry. Rather slow the snake than be careless and take chances. (2) Be definite in action. (3) Make every movement count and see that there is no lost motion.

When she started out to capture snakes she soon discovered that her two years of practice at fencing school was very helpful, for with her capturing a poisonous reptile is rather like a duel.

Her very first move is to test the snake's striking power. When the snake finds its opening he attacks. Miss Buffin parries his lunge with

the butt of a rifle which she always carries. The snake recoils and waits. She circles and the snake turns with her, watching every movement.

Then, at the precise instant between the next coil and strike, Miss Buffin brings the rifle butt down upon the reptile's neck, not hard enough to injure him, but firmly enough to pin him down. Then she bends over and picks him up in her bare hand.

She does not use a heavy glove or any other means of raising her captive for she says that might cause the reptile's death by the pressure on the neck. The hand, being more sensitive, does not harm him.

Long practice has made Miss Buffin's fingers like steel and her grip like a vise. When she captures a rattler barehanded, its powerful muscles twist and the vibration from the lashing of the furious reptile is such that the girl's whole arm shakes. Nevertheless, she holds on and picks him up straight from the ground.

Then it is a ticklish job to drop him into a sack without his striking back. The second he is released. "It's a mistake to think that a rattler can't strike good and hard unless he is coiled," she says. "The trick is to slip him into the bag tail-first up to his head, let go

fast with one hand while the other twists the loose end of the sack into knots, keeping the snake's head down."

A peculiarity of Miss Buffin's is that she can only pick up poisonous snakes with her left hand, while for non-venomous snakes she uses her right. She cannot explain why, other than that it is just a habit. Nor will she try to change, for, as she points out, in her dangerous hobby one cannot afford to be less than perfect. One clumsy gesture is liable to be fatal.



Pearl Buffin, Just Turned 26, Hasn't the Slightest Fear of the Big Rattlesnakes She Hunts for Sport and Profit—But She Admits that Worms Make Her Sick and she Hasn't the Nerve to Fly in a Plane.

—On the Left—

Miss Buffin is a Scientist as Well as a Sportsman. She Knows What to Do With Snakes After She Captures Them. The Photograph Shows Her in Her Laboratory, Working on a Small Water Snake. The Reptile in the Jar is a 3-Foot Coral Snake, One of the Deadliest Serpents in North America.

"Don't Buy Here" Store's Slogan

WHEN Raleigh, North Carolina, recently opened its first liquor store the many customers who came to buy and look around were considerably puzzled by what they saw. Just like any other modern liquor store, the stock of bottles were neatly arranged on shelves, the new cash register was in working order and an attentive clerk was waiting behind the counter, apparently ready to do business. Unlike other liquor stores, however, there were signs prominently displayed which read: "Don't Buy Here."

"Why not?" asked the citizens. "Is the stuff poison or something? Or are the bottles empty?"

"Not at all," answered the clerk courteously. "It's real liquor all right, and the best there is. What may I sell you?"

The customers stared in bewilderment. Here was a store offering its stock for sale with signs telling them not to buy. There was something wrong somewhere. But what?

Finally Henry E. Litchford, chairman of the Wake County Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, supplied the answer. It was he who had ordered the Anti-Saloon League posters hung in the store.

"It is not our business to see how much liquor we can sell," he said. "In fact, we're going to see how little we can sell. A big crowd and a lot of customers on opening day is just what we do not want."

But in spite of Mr. Litchford's explanation some of the Raleigh citizens are still puzzled.

Somebody remarked that there was a strong similarity to the proprietor of the little mountain grocery store who finally had a customer. He pretended not to notice him, hoping that the customer would go away without bothering him.



These Teddy Bears Are Alive, if Not Noticeably Active. They Are Part of the Vegetable Zoo on the Grounds of an Estate in Victoria, British Columbia. The Big Bear Is Chipped from a 13-Year-Old Tree and the Cub Is a Youngster Only About 3 Years Old.

Signboard That Advertises Neighbors Feud

WHEN Mr. W. W. Van Keuren who owns a farm near Kingston, N. Y., decided that he didn't want anybody, especially his neighbors, the Rossas, trespassing on his property, he went ahead and put up a sign which said just that.

Mr. Van Keuren is a very thorough man in what he does. He has noticed

was a chance to say even "Who, me?" He just told them in so many printed words that they are not welcome.

Of course, in doing so, he advertised to every passerby that his feelings towards the Rossas weren't exactly neighborly, and while he probably got some satisfaction in thus broadcasting his private feud, he also aroused the

curiosity of a great many people.

His friends in Kingston probably know just why he feels the way he does towards the Rossas but, as Kingston is the gateway to the Catskills and thousands of motorists en route to their vacations pass his farm and see the sign, Mr. Van Keuren is interrupted in his work by total strangers who want to know what it is all about.

Sign collectors who, like epitaph hunters, are always on the alert to add new specimens, point out that the Van Keuren sign is unique in the East. In some places in the West, they say, ranchers put up signs warning other ranchers by name not to let their cattle trespass into their grazing or watering land.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY SERVED
ON HERMAN ROSSA
AND HIS WHOLE DAMN FAMILY
TO KEEP OFF
MY PROPERTY.
W. W. VAN KEUREN,
KINGSTON, N. Y.**

Everyone Who Passes by This Big Sign in Kingston, New York, Knows That One W. W. Van Keuren Lacks All Neighborly Feeling for Herman Rossa and Members of His Menage. The Billboard Hasn't Moved the Rossas Family to Try to Heal the Breach.

Vegetable Teddy Bears in Garden Zoo

TWO bright green teddy bears in the yard of Mrs. W. J. Pendray, of Victoria, British Columbia, are the pride of her unique "menagerie" and prove to many visitors that her gardener, Mr. E. E. Boyens, is an artist with a pair of hedge clippers.

Mrs. Pendray has always enjoyed having her yard a bit different from her fellow townsmen and when she suggested to her gardener that perhaps he could do something unique in trimming her hedges, he went right to work. A small three-year-old tree was clipped into the semblance of a bear cub, "Teddy" and out of a larger, 12-year-old tree, a larger teddy bear, "Ted," was evolved.

When the pair was finished they attracted so

much interest that with Mrs. Pendray's encouragement, Boyens added a few more to the other greenery around the estate and cropped it into shapes resembling many zoo animals. Trimming a hedge is a quite a job in itself and as a hedge grows rapidly it takes almost constant attention for Boyens to keep the many "animals" in his zoo in shape. "Teddy," for example, is growing so fast that since the gardener first fashioned him, he has had to be clipped several times into the semblance of a larger bear. If he continues to grow the way he has been doing, Boyens points out that he will soon be as large as Ted and smaller trees will have to be transplanted to supply a bear cub for the Pendray place.

Giant Furnace To Keep Trees Warm

ALTHOUGH the impressive looking apparatus in the picture at the right appears to be some sort of ultra-modern war device for spraying deadly gas over the surrounding countryside, it is really a new type of hot air furnace designed to protect California orange groves and other citrus fruit trees from frost.

The machine which is really a huge hot air blower stands thirty feet high and the heated air is blown out through an oscillating device which turns continuously just as an air beacon does. In this way it can "spray" a grove of ten acres.

The rotating blower unit is mounted on a central stand, surrounded by a flue leading from a smokeless oil-burning boiler which may be started in a few seconds time. Thus, even if the citrus fruit grower is given little or no warning of the night frost, it is still possible for him to start this giant furnace in action and protect his grove before serious damage is done.

While the new type furnace, because of its automatic mechanism and many modern devices is by no means cheap, grove owners say that it probably will prove a boon to the citrus fruit industry.



This Is No Internal Machine Intended for Use in War. But a Rotary Heater That Can Warm Up 10 Acres of Orchard. The Heat Is Sent Out Through a Blower Unit and Is Generated in an Oil-Burning Boiler. The Device Is Used to Fight the Blighting Effects of Unseasonable Frost.

The American Caterpillar That Saved Australia

The Prickly Pear Cactus, Advancing 1,000,000 Acres a Year, Had Made a Hopeless Wilderness of 60,000,000 Acres and Threatened to Ruin the Entire Continent When Science Found a Little Insect That Destroyed the Enemy in Seven Years



Dense Field of Prickly Pear Cactus as It Spread Over the Countryside.



Same Field Cleaned Up After the Caterpillars Had Finished Their Thorough Job.

MELBOURNE, Australia, Sept. 20.—A solid mass, weighing 800 to 900 tons to the acre, the prickly pear cactus had conquered 80,000,000 acres of Australia's farm lands and nothing the people could do would stop its advance of a million acres a year, obliterating farms, roads and entire townships. A despairing statesman said he wished that the infested area, greater than the British Isles, could be shipped out of the continent and dropped in the ocean. And then, in one of its greatest victories over the hostile forces of Nature, science transversed the enemy not with bullets but with the eggs of a Central American caterpillar.

It is believed that the enemy was first imported in 1839 by a nice old lady of Scotch Queensland who wanted a hedge around her garden that would keep out the wild dog, known as the dingy, and be cattle-proof. That wish was gratified with a vengeance. It is said that the old lady lived to see her hedge extending to a width of six miles in all directions.

There was a period of many years when the invading plant could have been exterminated, had anyone realized what was ahead. But the area in which it got its start was rough timberland, mostly ignored by the settlers who passed to the fertile plains below. After a number of years the cactus, in solid ranks, was seen marching down from the highlands and soon reached the nearest homesteads which the settlers by that time had converted into prosperous farms.

When the silent army invaded his plowed fields and pastures the farmer fought in defense of his property, mowing the plants down, but new shoots sprang from every root and wherever one of the joints of the cactus lay on the ground roots went down and another plant started. For every soldier he struck down came a score of reinforcements.

Wherever he managed to hold the advance in check, cross jackdaws and other traitorous birds carried the seeds of the pest over his head, causing the enemy to spring up in his rear. The cactus choked out grass and every other plant making a green sea of pin cushions through which no animal but

an occasional scrub bull would try to pass. There was nothing for the settler to do but abandon his hard-won lands and move to some distant spot where they had not heard of the prickly pear. In the first decade of the century, however, they had heard enough for the new pest, to be officially declared a public menace and from then on innumerable laws were passed compelling those whose lands were infested to eradicate it. It was found that the cactus could be killed with a poison spray which the government supplied at nominal cost and that crushing the young plants with a heavy roller did some good. But the thing was as hopeless beyond the farmers' powers as for the Belgian peasants to have tried to throw back the German army.

As the enemy advanced and men retreated, trade dwindled, the cactus joined its spiky arms across the side roads, wiping them out entirely and encroaching on the main highways until they were hardly more than narrow lanes. The population of whole villages gave up, leaving the cactus to fill their streets and the public square, to surround the church and even hide the grave stones in the cemetery.

The central portion of Australia is a natural desert of sand and rock, a desert of cactus started to destroy the fertile rim. It overran the great Eastern provinces of Queensland and New South Wales running an area that finally was considerably larger than that of Great Britain. Many wondered that such a catastrophe had not ruined financially not only the two provinces already involved but the entire nation.

An Anglo-Saxon race has to be thoroughly scared before it takes adequate action against any public enemy and usually at the eleventh hour when it is almost too late. But by 1920, government and people were in a properly-frightened frame of mind. A commission was formed of Australia's best business minds, with a war chest of \$5,000,000. None of them had the slightest idea of what new weapon to use but they knew whom to send looking for it. They went into laboratories and pulled scientists away from researches in which they were engrossed, telling them to forget everything else until the country had been saved from

the accursed cactus.

"The answer will be a microbe or an insect," the scientists told the commission and the commission told the scientists to go out and get it.

Before going anywhere the scientists surveyed the situation and pored over the early records. In the first place there, were several species of cactus involved but all others were negligible compared with just one whose botanical name is *Opuntia inermis*. Furthermore, there was some evidence that the old lady was not the only or even the first to bring in the pest. It seems that somebody had thought of cochineal

near ranch would pay and had planted it with the prickly pear because the cochineal insect thrives on it just as the silk worm does on mulberry leaves. Many jumped to the conclusion that this was the answer to their prayer. The cochineal bug was the natural enemy of the cactus and need only be introduced in a big way to destroy it.

The commission's entomologists tried it but without enthusiasm. They reasoned that the cochineal insect had already been introduced and if the industry failed while the cactus thrived it meant that the insect did not prosper in the Australian climate. They were

right. The cochineal insect attacked the cactus but in a sickly, halfhearted way that did not promise the big results the situation demanded.

Experts visited Mexico and other Central American countries where the local politicians raised their eyebrows in surprise that the Australians should be so prejudiced against a plant which they considered useful for fences, whose fruit was good to eat and never gave them any trouble as a weed. However, if the scientists felt that way about it, they were welcome to carry home all the Central American bugs they could catch.

There and in other parts of the earth, 145 different kinds of insects were found, living entirely on pear and other cacti. Of these the 60 most promising ones were brought to Australia. At the experimental stations, all but 18 were eliminated for one reason or another and finally by 1929 these had been reduced to only five. These five, by that time were working with considerable industry in many parts of the infested area. The entomologists prophesied that within a year or two the rate of the cactus spread would be visibly reduced in a decade perhaps it would become stationary and some people would live to see the pest reduced to a degree where it would be no great problem.

The great deliverer's name was *Cactoblasta cactorum*. A P. Dodd had brought it in from Central America, just for the sake of thoroughness and without any great expectations, because *Cactoblasta* was no star performer and had no great reputation in his own native country.

But in Australia it was another matter. Instead of being upset and discouraged by the strange climate this acted as a tremendous appetite tonic and stimulant. The eggs hatched into caterpillars that bored into the soft inside pulp of the plant, devouring it at a rate that opened the entomologists' eyes with delight. In Mexico following the custom of the country they took a long siesta covering all the hot hours but here they seemed to work night and day, reducing a big, healthy cactus to nothing but shreds of fibre in short order. The caterpillar then hatched into a moth which laid an

abundance of eggs to provide another huge army of hungry-eating crawlers. There were three and a half generations of them to a season.

In the stations they had billions of eggs, an army of liberators that would undoubtedly do its work in short order but they held it within screened prisons until the last of the "starvation" tests had been completed. This liberator might not do after all. Like the cactus he too was a foreigner and when he had cleaned up the last cactus would he be content to starve to death or would he turn his dreadful appetite to some of the country's food vegetables? Australia has had too many experiences with such creatures as the fox hare, starting and above all the desert rabbit. Therefore they had to find out what colonies of *Cactoblasta* would do if deprived of their cactus food but with plenty of other things available including every fruit, vegetable, grass and useful plant, shrub and tree. In the end it was proved that this caterpillar was of such determined character that it would eat cactus or nothing, as far as anything that grows in Australia is concerned.

When the last doubt on that subject had been removed, the vanguard of the army of liberation was launched at the enemy.

Rapidly the great cactus areas swarmed with caterpillars which soon reduced the plant to dead heaps of dry fibre. Except for a few spots here and there the cactus was no more.

Roads were reopened, farms recouped, dead villages came to life and the vast area that had been a mill stone around the neck of the rest of the commonwealth became not only self-supporting but began to pay taxes again. Not counting the precious help of its five less active predecessors, *Cactoblasta* had transversed the enemy in about seven years. Of the 60,000,000 lost acres 17,000,000 are already under cultivation.

Seeing its food gone, a few of the moths with a mother's instinct for preserving her young made the pitiful attempt of attaching the eggs to pumpkins and melons. But the caterpillars, on hatching, scorned such food, wandered off and died.



A Colony of the American Caterpillars Starting to Work on a Cactus Leaf.



A Farmer's Hut Surrounded by the Invading Prickly Pear Pest Which Drove Him Out of House and Farm.



The Same Farm Ready to Cultivate After the Caterpillars Had Moved On and the Farmer Had Moved Back Again.

How Can a Woman Live a Fairer Life?

IN THESE times, everything is expected to have a price, and now a "fair rate" has even been set for a woman who violates her marriage vows.

A faithless wife has a value of about sixty cents, according to a recent opinion from the bench by Mr. Justice Right Swift in Birmingham, England. His appraisal of infidelity was provoked by an epidemic of alienation of affection and "heart balm" suits in his court.

Husbands who have been deceived often ask, not only for a divorce but also compensation. They demand that the man who causes it all pay cash for his pleasure. It might be thought, and it has long been thought, that a man who leads a wife of another astray ought to be severely fined. But the judge in the Birmingham Assizes has found an altogether different picture.

In one case, the damages against the correspondent had been agreed beforehand to be \$250, and this annoyed the judge into telling the jury what he thought of it.

"What," he asked, "does a man lose when a miserable woman goes off with somebody else?"

The jury looked blank, but the judge's question was rhetorical, and he answered it himself.

"Nothing. No I will not say nothing. A little. They won't let me assess the damages because they know quite well I should say half a crown. Costs refused."

A crown brings only about \$1.25 in exchange, and so half a crown is a rather low estimate on the worth of a woman, even one who is faithless.

The same week Justice Swift had another opportunity to explain his views. Another husband was in court, clamoring for damages from a man who had cheated him out of his wife. The jury's estimate was tried to be clearly as much a man should be allowed on his "stolen goods." A wife's price, they supposed, depended on the wages a housekeeper would get for a life's service, and in such terms the "second-hand wife" would have cost the thief a handsome price.

But the judge interrupted this train of thought in a hurry. He told the jury:

"You can't assess the value of a wife as though she were a chattel. She is not a piece of furniture. You can't treat her as though she were a piano, and say how much a leg you pay for it."

"You have to ask yourself, 'What did he lose when a woman, who could no longer live with him, went away and left him?'"

"He lost nothing—nothing. Decree granted without costs."

It is for remarks like this that the justice has been compared to the great English satirist whose name was also Swift.

The judge, however, does not favor just the ladies when it comes to devaluating those who are faithless. He finds that men in such cases are as worthless as women.

One wife wanted not a divorce, but a judicial separation from her husband who she said was living with another woman. Her marriage, however, was something she was not willing to give up. She explained that the marriage tie was something which she felt could never be severed.

This curious but familiar attitude toward the sanctity of marriage would, in her case, have been profitable if the plea had been granted. The woman wanted to live apart from her husband but asked to be supported by him. As her lawyer put it, "Some order of the high court is necessary before she can compel him to maintain her."

But the judge was in no mood to give the order, and said so. It would, after all, have been inconsistent of him to have rewarded a wife for her loss if he never rewarded the husband.

"She can do that in the police court," he said. "I will not on this evidence grant this application. I entirely disapprove." Then he explained his objection so clearly that his remarks have become famous in many parts of England in connection with the reform of the divorce laws that is now being agitated for by writers and lawyers.

"She comes here alleging grounds on which she is entitled undoubtedly to a divorce, but she says, 'I don't approve of divorce, so I will come to you and ask you to give me an order out of which I can at once make some money.' I will be no party to it. If she believes that her husband, who has left her, is living in adultery, what a farce to come to this court and say she doesn't believe in divorce because those whom God has joined together should not be put asunder."

"I don't know whether the fault was on her side or his. I don't care. Something happened to separate them. Long before they came near this court they were divorced."

"Those whom God has joined together were put asunder. They come here only to have the label of matrimony removed. This woman comes here and tells me she does not want the legal tie abolished. She wants to have some control still over her husband."

"And so she says. She shall remain married to him so far as I am concerned."

Mr. Justice Swift is well experienced to be just in matters of marriage, for he has been a married man for more than half of his sixty-three years. But so contradictory to the peace of his own married life are the cases that appear before him, that often when he is faced by the seamy side of marriage in his own former life, he feels faint. In fact, he often has to resort to smelling salts all day long.

Why The Light of the Medical Light by Her n-Laws

FROM South Dakota came recently a legal decision that upheld the right of parents of married people to interfere in their affairs. The Supreme Court ruled that "notwithstanding the child, parents may, and do, and should continue to take an active interest in the welfare of such child."

The ruling grew out of unpleasant incidents in the married life of Gilbert Munson and his bride, Caroline. Caroline brought suit against her husband's parents, blaming them for breaking up her home. Her lawyers believed that she was a good case. Yet, when it got to the Supreme Court, the startling ruling developed.

The beginning of the romance between Gilbert and Caroline had a bright aspect. Young Munson was six years the senior of the girl when they started going around together. He was a farmer, and presumably was able to take care of himself and a wife. Caroline was pretty and vivacious. But Gilbert was one of a family of 13, and the baby. Naturally his parents were more concerned about his success and happiness than they would have been for an older son.

The father, O. T. Munson, 76 years old, and the mother, Gertrude, 74, kept a close watch over their "youngster."

When the couple married, the father knew all about the readiness of youth. They had brought Gilbert up strictly on a close supervision, and there was much supervision even after his association with his girl.

Gilbert evidently liked his bride, the daughter of whom he liked, and so he and Caroline met in many times without the knowledge of his parents. Eventually they were married.

Trouble came knocking at their door not long after. According to Caroline's com-

plaint, Gilbert's parents endeavored to impress him that she was not the right sort for him, that the vivacious girl was too frivolous for the role of mother to his children.

In court, Munson denied this, but Caroline claimed that somehow the seeds of doubt about her fitness as a wife and mother had been sown in the young husband's mind. Caroline said that ugly rumors had been started in the neighborhood as the result of her in-laws' disapproval of her.

Naturally, Gilbert was upset and according to Caroline became a serious, suspicious person instead of the smiling lad that she had married. One day Gilbert brought home a friend, Ole Rorum, and an incident, now in the court record, is said to have occurred that didn't help Gilbert's frame of mind. When the men entered the rooming house at Sioux Falls, where the young married couple lived temporarily, Caroline was taking a Sunday afternoon nap. In her testimony, she described what happened. "It was warm and I was reclining on the bed," she said. "Gilbert lay down next to me and Ole Rorum next to Gilbert. Gilbert went to the bathroom to get a drink of water."

What happened then became the subject of much talk. "One thing is certain: that Rorum kissed Caroline," she said. "Ole rolled over and kissed me. I slapped him in the face. He rolled back and just then Gilbert entered the room."

The question was raised whether Caroline slapped Rorum to impress Gilbert or because she was angry. "I didn't kiss him," she told Gilbert. "He kissed me."

She insisted that she had done no wrong, and there followed a half-hearted reconciliation.

Things thereafter drifted from bad to worse for the couple. Gilbert went to his parents with his troubles real or imaginary. Caroline says that they told him that they had warned him and that his domestic life was turning out to be what they had predicted all along. The

deputation of five young women stood in front of Raimund Homan, the Minister for Education in Berlin.

"We, unemployed schoolmistresses, have come to Your Excellency to ask for husbands," the leader of the deputation said to the minister. "We want husbands and we can't get jobs. We are willing to sacrifice ourselves in favor of our male colleagues. Give jobs to the unemployed teachers and we will marry them and not attempt to fill vacancies ourselves."

The minister was greatly perplexed. The five young women, who stood before him, not only wanted him to get them husbands for themselves, but for all the 7,000 schoolmistresses who are without jobs in Hungary.

The minister should not have been so amazed by the strange request. He himself had provoked it by a declaration he made in a speech in Parliament. He had said that there were too many schoolmistresses in Hungary, and since the country could not provide work for all of them, the best course for the jobless school mums was to get married.

A storm of indignation was the answer to these lightly-provoked words. The jobless school mums protested angrily, saying that it was all very well for the minister to say that they should get married. But where and how could they get husbands when hundreds of their male colleagues were also without jobs and could not even support themselves.

They were determined to do their bit, so the 7,000 jobless women each formed a suit called Association of Unemployed Schoolmistresses. Within that union they

births of two children failed to bring the couple any closer. Gilbert did not fare well with his farm, he got into debt, and confided more and more his troubles to his parents. Then came a snowstorm and the crops were threatened and the young husband and Caroline worked in the field day and night to salvage what they could. After a full day of court hounding, they were eating the evening meal in silence. The claim was made that here another kissing episode took place.

In her testimony, Caroline explained it thus: "I had gotten my two boys ready and was getting myself ready. I came into the kitchen to get a comb and some pins for my hair. Just as I came out there I kissed him. I kissed him around me and kissed him. I kissed him around me. That was all there was to that."

Gilbert testified that he had learned a lesson about his bride from his in-laws. He said that he never had accused his wife of running after other men, but he had learned a lesson from his in-laws. He said that he never had accused his wife of running after other men, but he had learned a lesson from his in-laws.

The introduction of the subject of doctors grew out of the court decision, which had an implication by Gilbert's mother that she had gone to doctors unreasonably for treatment, but really for companionship.

Gilbert, however, was emphatic in his denial that he ever had accused his wife of having any other than a honest motive in visiting physicians. But when he said that he had full faith in his wife or not, it came to pass that he finally left home. Caroline blamed her husband's parents for the bitter end that had come to her romance and she lost no time in consulting attorneys.

The legal lights believed she had a good case against the elder Munsons, and a suit charging alienation of affections was begun against them for \$15,000.

In the Minnesota County Circuit Court a sympathetic jury heard Caroline's complaints, and promptly awarded her a verdict for \$12,450.

This annoyed the elder Munsons no end, and they hastened to appeal the decision and the case went to the State Supreme Court. The court reviewed the recent and long testimony all over again, and then emerged with the startling decision that approved interference by in-laws into domestic affairs of their offspring. The ruling completely reversed that of the lower court. Interpreted broadly, the court decision seems to hold that parents can do no wrong. According to the judges, "the gist of the action is malicious interference with the marriage of the couple. The court decision seems to hold that the parents of the other, we have a situation which is markedly different from that where the action is against a stranger or an unrelated third person. The relation of parent and child does not cease to exist, nor does the parent become in the eyes of the law a stranger when the child marries."

To justify restoring damages, the decision adds, "this wife must establish the fact that the acts of the parents caused such alienation, and that the parents acted maliciously and with intent of injuring her and not out of a reasonable parental concern and solicitude for their son which the law presumes all parents to exhibit."

Many of the members of the matrimonial committee are pretty young girls. They have all studied hard in the hope of getting a chance to put their knowledge into practice. All they wanted was an appointment. But now the Minister for Education had had little prospect of getting jobs to each marry a member of the union as soon as they were married. They wanted to help them in this most difficult task of all.

Everything depends on His Excellency Raimund Homan now. The jobless schoolmistresses and masters have all arranged the matter among themselves. Up to now about a hundred unemployed teachers have pledged themselves to each marry a member of the union as soon as they are married. They wanted to help them in this most difficult task of all.

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Derpetal Dear Plant Fees Russia?

"BREAD" wrote Swift, "is the staff of life," but the dancing bear which has come to symbolize Russia has found this staff not firm enough for it to lean upon. There are great famines, in which people die by the thousands of starvation, for wheat often can't stand the kind of weather it gets in Russia. Droughts and frost nip in the bud the delicate wheat from which bread is made.

Now there is being developed a "wheat of the future," a perpetual plant, which like the weeds, never needs replanting but comes up every year by itself, which grows like wildflowers and which cannot be harmed by stormy weather.

The new grain that grows each year from the same roots, like strawberries or asparagus, is the result of years of research by the young Russian inventor, Dr. V. N. Taitan of the Omsk Agricultural Institute.

As if the Russian climate were not enough for the wheat to endure, it had a further scourge in that land, as in this, in the form of couch grass—a stranger weed that has learned to resist wheat and destroy crops.

Just as an army travels on its stomach, so the couch grass travels by its roots. It develops long, trailing roots which at each joint send up a shoot that becomes a new plant.

Because of the handicaps under which their native wheat labors the scientists of Russia have long been anxious to find a way out and to prevent the wholesale starvation which for generations has been the result of heightened drought crops. There is a saying in Russia, "There is no better than the bread he eats, it is practically true. At any rate, that is if the Russian peasant has no bread he dies."

This challenge of nature caused one scientist in particular to lose in his sleep, and he was Dr. Taitan. This bold-thinking student suddenly woke up one night nearly ten years ago to ask himself whether it would not be possible to create a new wheat, a wheat that would be able to stand the tough "public enemy" grass-weed to the rich, patriotic wheat that was always trying to destroy it?

His fantastic idea, when he told it to friends, was soon the subject of scornful smiles, for everybody thought it a complete absurdity. But Dr. Taitan did not smile. If he could cross-breed the stamina of the weed with the nutri-

tion of the wheat, the days of famine would be ended.

His first experiments were made in Saratov, on the Volga, but they ended in flat failure. Everybody said, "I told you so," but Taitan did not give up. He continued his investigation in the North Caucasus, and there the first measure of success came to him. There he proceeded to Omsk, in Siberia, where he is now stationed.

There he discovered what previously was not known, that the couch weed has in it a great deal of gluten, the same essential element which has made wheat the eating staple of mankind from the beginning of time. The gluten, made up of two proteins, gliadin and glutenin, is present in no cereal but wheat. Taitan found that the weed has nearly three-quarters gluten, whereas wheat has less than half so.

The hybrid plant proved to be a complicated creature, however. The weed had to be crossed with Winter wheat so that it would resist frost, and it had to be crossed with Spring wheat to get an annual plant which drought could not harm. The young scientist's new perennial wheat is a product of Winter wheat and the one-annual weed.

It is sown in the Spring and heads out only in the following year, and in this delayed response to planting it resembles the asparagus plant. But once growing it will grow again no matter how often it is cut in harvest.

Whereas naturalists and farmers have for generations been looking for a way to destroy the couch weed, its very tenacity was what attracted the constructive interest of Dr. Taitan. He realized what it would mean if wheat could be trained to be as impervious to the elements as the couch weed. The new grain will, because of the vitalizing effect of the weed in it, grow well in the frosts and short summers of Siberia and Arctic Russia, as well as in the heat of the dry Volga steppes.

Dr. Taitan has produced a whole series of cross-fertilized plants, for there are many varieties of couch weed, and he was interested in finding out which variety would be best. To his surprise, some of the varieties had superior over regular wheat which he had never expected to find. The inventor did not suspect, for instance, that the "couch wheat" would have a strong resistance to such natural perils of all wheat as "rust," and "dust smut."

To be sure, the new "wheat" is still in its infancy and may prove to have serious defects in the long run, but only time and further tests can tell. To the inventor, however, the inventor is satisfied that his plant is no longer in its theoretical stage. Last year, for the first time, fields at Omsk were sown with the one-year Spring hybrid. A severe drought gave the plant a good chance to show what it could do. True to the highest expectations, the hybrids kept growing, while the regular wheat shrunk and shriveled. The yield of the hybrids was very high. At the end of the summer was double that of the usual wheat.



"What does he lose?" Asked the Court, "when the woman who could no longer live with him went away? Not more than half a crown." The Decree Was Granted Without Costs.



Caroline Went Into the Kitchen to Do Up Her Hair. Then Another Kissing Episode Occurred. Nagelstad, She Testified, Threw His Arms Around Her and She Pushed Him Away.



Caroline Had gone to doctors unreasonably for treatment, but really for companionship.



If Dr. Taitan Could Cross-Breed the Stamina of the Weed With the Nutrition of the Wheat, the Days of Famine in Russia, He Claimed, Would Be Forever Ended.

"Give Us Jobs, Or Get Us Husbands, Or Get Us Teachers," Teachers Ask

A DEPUTATION of five young women stood in front of Raimund Homan, the Minister for Education in Berlin.

"We, unemployed schoolmistresses, have come to Your Excellency to ask for husbands," the leader of the deputation said to the minister. "We want husbands and we can't get jobs. We are willing to sacrifice ourselves in favor of our male colleagues. Give jobs to the unemployed teachers and we will marry them and not attempt to fill vacancies ourselves."

The minister was greatly perplexed. The five young women, who stood before him, not only wanted him to get them husbands for themselves, but for all the 7,000 schoolmistresses who are without jobs in Hungary.

The minister should not have been so amazed by the strange request. He himself had provoked it by a declaration he made in a speech in Parliament. He had said that there were too many schoolmistresses in Hungary, and since the country could not provide work for all of them, the best course for the jobless school mums was to get married.

A storm of indignation was the answer to these lightly-provoked words. The jobless school mums protested angrily, saying that it was all very well for the minister to say that they should get married. But where and how could they get husbands when hundreds of their male colleagues were also without jobs and could not even support themselves.

They were determined to do their bit, so the 7,000 jobless women each formed a suit called Association of Unemployed Schoolmistresses. Within that union they

formed a committee the purpose of which was to further the cause of marriage for their members. It was the members of the committee who asked the Minister for Education to give them husbands by providing jobs for unemployed school teachers who then could marry their less fortunate friends.

Many of the members of the matrimonial committee are pretty young girls. They have all studied hard in the hope of getting a chance to put their knowledge into practice. All they wanted was an appointment. But now the Minister for Education had had little prospect of getting jobs to each marry a member of the union as soon as they were married. They wanted to help them in this most difficult task of all.

Everything depends on His Excellency Raimund Homan now. The jobless schoolmistresses and masters have all arranged the matter among themselves. Up to now about a hundred unemployed teachers have pledged themselves to each marry a member of the union as soon as they are married. They wanted to help them in this most difficult task of all.

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Wasn't at His Wedding Because He Wasn't Invited

Very Odd Romance of Sunday School Teacher Alice, Who Got Everything Ready for Her Marriage, Including the Minister and the Neighbors, but Neglected to Tell the Bridegroom Anything About It

WHAT'S the great big cake for?"

"When Otto looked at our wedding cake and asked that awful question, I gave up my last hope that he was going to marry me. But it was too late to tell Mother."

The runaway bride, Alice Wyburn, attractive 27-year-old Milwaukee girl and Sunday School teacher, was trying to explain why she had perpetrated what seemed to be a ghastly practical joke on family, friends, fiancé, and worst of all on herself. She had let her parents buy her trousseau, send out the wedding invitations, engage the minister, caterers, musicians and everything, knowing all the while that the supposed bridegroom did not know anything about it and would not be there if he did. At the last moment the bride slipped over to a nearby beauty parlor and vanished. Finally when the suspense became unbearable Mr. Wyburn, her father, reached for the telephone.

"Young man, why aren't you here at the wedding?" Don't you know you are an hour late!"

It was the angry voice on the telephone of Mr. Otto Gaiselmann, Alice's future father-in-law. The busy young steel mill man was flustered at such a crafty tone and asked:

"Where is the wedding?"

"Right here in this house, of course," snapped Mr. Ira W. Wyburn, his voice becoming louder and angrier.

"Honest, I didn't know about it. I wasn't invited," protested Otto. The voice at the other end of the wire became faint, as it choked out these words:

"He says he wasn't invited."

From this and the fact that he heard the telephone receiver fall with a crash, the easy-going Otto, who is 33 years old, deduced that Mr. Wyburn was all "hot and bothered" over something—and he had thought him such a nice even-tempered sort of man. Wondering if age would make him also cranky over trifles, like not getting a wedding invitation, Otto decided to give his six-foot figure a bath. He was happily singing in the tub when his mother pounded on the bathroom door.

"Otto, Otto," she cried frantically. Otto paused in the process of bathing and cocked his head to one side. This must be one of those days when everybody is being affected by the heat. Anyhow it was getting off to a hysterical start.

"What's the matter, now?" he asked reproachfully.

"Police-men and people are here."

"What do they want?"

"They want you."

This was the very first time in the respectable Gaiselmann lives that police had ever called, and even Otto felt a touch of that reprehensible excitement which is supposed to be a weakness only of old-fashioned folks. Hastily climbing out of the tub, he put on a dressing gown and, still wet in spots, faced police detectives George Radtke and Carl Coy.

They turned frowning faces and penetrating eyes on the damp figure in the gown. He did not mind that so much because these were their official countenances which would doubtless thaw out as soon as they discovered that he had done no wrong. But right behind the pair were Mr. and Mrs. Wyburn. Mr. Wyburn couldn't have registered wrath any better if he had been in the movies.

Hardly did Otto recognize the once kindly and dignified Mrs. Wyburn whose eyes and nose now formed a red triangle from much weeping and dabbing with a small handkerchief. Both looked at him as if he had committed at least one murder. Otto began to feel a premonition of guilt. In his childhood he had gotten the impression that any male person who upsets a lady that much has committed some sort of crime even if he didn't mean to.



Otto Was in the Bath When the Indignant Parents of Alice, Waiting at the Altar, Called Upon Him With Two Detectives.

"Why aren't you at your wedding?" Demanded the Two Detectives in Unison.

"Because," stammered the astonished Otto, "because I wasn't invited."

And Then Alice's Peculiar Problem Became Plain and, Returning to Their Home, Ma and Pa Wyburn Found Themselves Unable to Bear the Embarrassment of Explaining, She Had Run Away, Leaving the Wedding Guests Even Flatter Than Before.

"He says he wasn't invited."

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The Pleasant Little Wyburn Home in Milwaukee Where the Neighbors All Gathered for the Wedding That Never Took Place.

"Yes, she did, a couple of times," admitted Otto, "but I told her positively, no, and that settled it."

"You never dreamed that she was buying a trousseau, engaging a minister, musicians, caterers and calling in bridesmaids, preparing six hams and all that?" Mr. Wyburn rattled it all off in one exasperated breath. Otto may have thought the six hams meant actor friends but Mr. Wyburn does not use such slang and referred to six delicious Virginia ones, worthy of royal nuptials. Mr. Gaiselmann shook his head and one of the detectives put a question to Mr. Wyburn:

"Did you or your wife discuss this date with him?"

"Well, no," he admitted. "Late when he called he only talked a minute with Alice and then went away. I did not think it very nice of him but you know how young people act these days."

"Young man, you answer me just one question," came in ominous tones from Mrs. Wyburn. "Didn't I see you in the kitchen the other day with Alice talking about the wedding cake?"

"I guess you did," Otto agreed thoughtfully. "Anyway I asked her what it was for and she said, 'you loved to bake.'"

"And what did you think?"

"I thought you must have lots of ambition in this hot weather."

Mrs. Wyburn made no comment but a faint moan. The detectives wanted to know where Alice had gone.

The Rev. Ernest E. North, the Minister, Who Waited in Vain to Marry Alice to Otto.

Otto could not tell them but hoped they would find her because he had something to say to her.

"Am I charged with anything?" Otto asked. The detectives told him he wasn't yet but ordered him to stay at home so they could find him.

"You bet," he pronounced. "Everybody is crazy with the heat today!"

When they were gone, Mrs. Gaiselmann gently questioned her son. Hadn't Alice given him any hints or acted queer? After profound thought he recalled two incidents. The previous Sunday afternoon she had borrowed a nickel to telephone the minister.

"I asked her what she wanted to talk to the minister for," he said, "and she explained that she must tell him that she couldn't teach Sunday School the next Sunday. I wanted to know why she should bother him about that but she said it was necessary. I don't know anything about Sunday School and thought it was all right."

Little did he dream that his girl was using his nickel to tell Reverend Ernest E. North, of the Simpson Methodist Church, that everything was set for the next Saturday noon.

The other phenomenon had been going on for several weeks. Always before, when he called, Alice had kept him waiting half an hour while she



The Embarrassed "Bridegroom," Otto Gaiselmann, Who Had Not Been Told About the Wedding.

"Now, don't try to look for me. I'm going as far away from here as I can. Don't know where it may be—Chicago or some place not that way. Well, I must go now. With love, Alice."

Three days later the police found Alice working as a maid and this was her explanation:

"I was reading about the June weddings and said out loud, 'I guess we'll be married this June.' Mother was so delighted that I decided to try and make it come true. But each time I came to tell her that Otto couldn't be managed, she had gotten in so far that I went back and tried again. Finally I was sunk and there was nothing to do but run away from it. Mother addressed the invitations but I mailed them and held them to those Otto's friends and relatives."

Otto still thinks Alice is a nice girl who "listened to some poor advice from those go-getter girls." He could forgive everything except that wherever he goes, he finds his acquaintances looking at him shyly, winking and then whispering to each other.

That is, in all except his colleagues in the steel mill where they are a trifle less subtle, knowing Otto as they do. When Otto turned up for work after the wedding that didn't happen, he discovered his crumpled hat adapted a game, now out of fashion, to his recent experience.

The game went like this: "Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Otto."

"Otto who?"

"Ought to get married!"

But Otto is an easy going young man, and also was enough to know that being flustered by such spoofing only prolongs it, so he's hoping that it won't be long before the whole business is forgotten and that, when his real wedding day finally rolls around, he will at least be told about it, even if he doesn't get an invitation.

SEE GRANTS PARADE OF VALUES

Celebrating our 31ST Anniversary



SPECIAL—SATURDAY ONLY

DURING OCTOBER, OUR ANNIVERSARY MONTH

On Saturdays only during October—greatly reduced prices on many of Grants regular "Blue Ribbon Values." Not cheap "sale merchandise," but our own proudly created brands, reduced for one day only to celebrate with old customers and win new ones.

Blue Ribbon Value
GRANTS' BEST SELLERS

I'SIS

Hosiery—the standard of silk hosiery value for millions of women for many years. Now in expensive silk crepe twist, unequaled by many others selling for more. Grants price is..... **79¢**



SEAMONT AND PENNLEIGH

Men's shirts. Really fine shirts. Worn by millions of satisfied customers. For about of most shirts selling for 25 to 30 cents more. Get to full size. Guaranteed not to shrink or fade. Dozens of smart new patterns..... **\$1**



WEARITE

Children's bathed waist suits bought by millions of satisfied parents. Cut to Knit Underwear Association standards. Values that keep children well-clothed..... **39¢ and 50¢**



LOVLEE

Women's slips (also brassieres, girdles, and rayon undies) which have established a new standard of loveliness, style and long wear combined. Low in cost but high in value..... **\$1**
Other garments..... 25¢ to \$1



DRESRITE

Women's and misses' wash dresses, resulting from Grants own efforts to put high-style, good fabrics and a low price-mark together. They're keeping millions of women dainty, well-dressed, admired. Usual value at..... **\$1**



• This month you are invited to join over a million people in a unique celebration. It is a celebration of the fact that 31 years ago a young New England storekeeper, W. T. Grant, had a new idea—an idea of how to run a store for the greater benefit of its customers.

We hope you will celebrate as millions of Grants customers have been doing for 31 years—by enjoying more of the good things of life with the savings brought every customer by the W. T. Grant business principle.



This principle is best expressed in the words of W. T. Grant himself: "I will see not how much I can get for myself—but how much I can give to my customers for their money."

This low-profit principle, established by W. T. Grant, has built a business serving thrifty families from coast to coast. Working with manufacturers and wholesalers to eliminate waste and expense, he was able to sell, at this low profit, merchandise of such unusual value that people in other communities also flocked to buy. His original store has now grown to 481 simple, friendly stores—all doing business on the same principle—and minimum profit plan.

This profit represents, approximately, only 1¢ out of each quarter-dollar.

On this page we are listing some of the merchandise of outstanding value which bears Grants own brand names. These brands originated because Grants over a period of 31 years has worked in co-operation with manufacturers to develop

greater and greater values in merchandise. These values we have been proud to distinguish with exclusive names. To thousands of Grants customers these brand names mean absolute dependability, maximum value—year in, year out.

They are presented with the sincere conviction that they reveal better values at all times than most so-called "sale-price" merchandise. They make shopping so safe and so satisfying that even a child can do your shopping at Grants. Every article in Grants stores is sold with a money-back, no-questions guarantee.

This remarkable organization of 481 stores maintains its standards because each employee, from Mr. Grant down, believes in and works under his original principles of fairness and co-operation. That's why you'll find it pleasant—as well as profitable—to shop at Grants.

Come in and share in our 31st Anniversary Celebration Values during the month of October. You'll come again!

TEN POINT

Overalls for the toughest kind of job. Guaranteed wearing quality for beyond their price, owing to our arrangements with a leading manufacturer..... **\$1**



CLINTON

Men's fancy socks, famous for wear and smartness. Rayon, cotton and rayon plaited over cotton. Large assortments—clocks, stripes and all-over designs. Featuring all popular colors. Pair..... **10¢**



GRANTS PAINTS

Millions of cans used every year by folks who have discovered that Grants complete line of paints combines gay colors, reliable quality, and low prices. Enamels, mixed paints, varnishes and varnish stains. Per can..... **25¢**



WEARITE

Men's athletic shirts (and Grants shorts to match). A triumph in this year's rising market to hold both price and quality. America's famous underwear value for men—boys' sizes at even lower cost. All shirts of full-combed yarn—shorts of fade-proof broadcloth with pool-coat. Each..... **25¢**



KORWOOL

—Oval braided rugs with a core of live wool—exclusive Grant feature. The sturdy, excellent fabrics which keep them washing and wearing are Grants contribution to your plans for a lovelier home. Sizes: 17 x 25, 23 x 41 inches..... **50¢ and \$1**



HEADQUARTERS FOR APPAREL AND FURNISHINGS FOR YOURSELF—FAMILY—HOME

CONNECTICUT

Danielson..... 98 Main St.
New London..... 133 State St.
Putnam..... 76 Main St.
St. Manchester..... 815 Main St.
Willimantic..... 759 Main St.
Bath..... 31 Center St.
Bangor..... 63 Main St.
Branford..... 72 Main St.
Calden..... 159 Main St.
Fort Kent..... 99 Main St.
Gardiner..... 286 Water St.
Levittown..... 95 Lisbon St.
Old Town..... 86 N. Main St.
Portland..... 544 Congress St.
Salem..... 189 Main St.
Shrewsbury..... 66 Water St.
Van Buren..... 84 Main St.

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams..... 23 Park St.
Allston..... 149 Harvard Ave.
Arlington..... 319 Broadway
Athol..... 417 Main St.
Beverly..... 226 Cabot St.
Boston..... 395 Washington St.
Brookline..... 141 Main St.
Cambridge..... 621 Massachusetts Ave.
Chelsea..... 300 Broadway
Chicago..... 14 Market Square
Clinton..... 120 High St.
Danvers..... 120 High St.
Dorchester..... 1466 Dorchester Ave.
Dorchester..... 768 Dudley St.
East Boston..... 583 Washington St.
Easthampton..... 31 Kelly Square
Everett..... 41 Union St.
Everett..... 419 Broadway

Fall River..... 149 S. Main St.
Fitchburg..... 493 Main St.
Franklin..... 22 Irving Square
Franklin..... 13A Main St.
Gardner..... 18 Parker St.
Gloucester..... 181 Main St.
Great Barrington..... 290 Main St.
Haverhill..... 52 Merrimack St.
Holyoke..... 210 High St.
Hudson..... 53 Main St.
Hyannis..... 410 Main St.
Hyde Park..... 1244 River St.
Jamaica Plain..... 660 Center St.
Lawrence..... 475 Essex St.
Leominster..... 18 Main St.
Lynn..... 70 Market St.
Malden..... 318 Union St.
Malden..... 78 Pleasant St.
Marlboro..... 188 Main St.

Mattapan..... 1626 Blue Hill Ave.
Medford..... 10 High St.
Melrose..... 520 Main St.
Middleboro..... 59 Center St.
Milford..... 164 Main St.
Natick..... 14 Main St.
Needham..... 974 Great Plain Ave.
New Bedford..... 1045 Arundel Ave.
Norfolk..... 858 Purchase St.
Norfolk Down..... 37 Billings Road
North Adams..... 81 Main St.
North Andover..... 11 N. Washington St.
Norwood..... 688 Washington St.
Palmer..... 416 Main St.
Pawtucket..... 13 Peabody Square
Pittsfield..... 141 North St.
Plymouth..... 4 Court St.
Reading..... 623 Main St.
Rockland..... 363 Union St.
Rollinsdale..... 26 Corinth St.

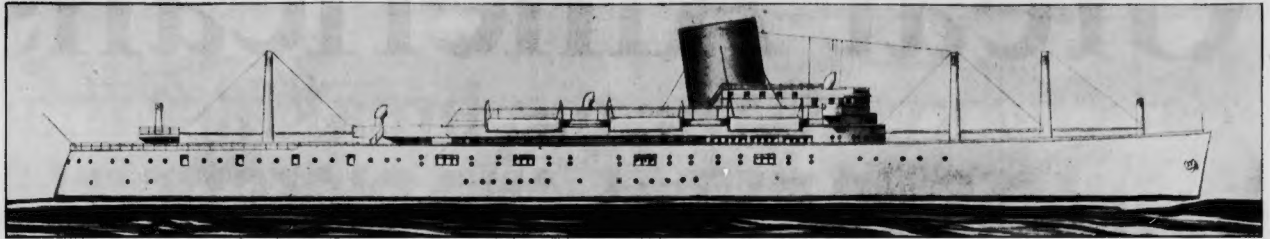
Roxbury..... 533 Blue Hill Ave.
Salem..... 174 Essex St.
Somerville..... 240 Elm St.
South Boston..... 429 N. Broadway
Spartanburg..... 381 Main St.
Taunton..... 31 Main St.
Warefield..... 473 Main St.
Waltham..... 305 Moody St.
Ware..... 85 Main St.
Watertown..... 55 Main St.
Webster..... 217 Main St.
Weymouth..... 14 Commercial St.
Winchendon..... 62 Central St.
Winthrop..... 10 Somerset Ave.
Woburn..... 405 Main St.
Worcester..... 407 Main St.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin..... 151 Main St.
Concord..... 84 N. Main St.

Derry..... 28 E. Broadway
Dover..... 455 Central Ave.
Franklin..... 334 Central St.
Manchester..... 1023 Elm St.
Nashua..... 94 Main St.
Portsmouth..... 69 Congress St.
Rochester..... 31 N. Main St.
Rhode Island
Newport..... 139 Thames St.
Providence..... 250 Main St.
Providence..... 317 Westminster St.
West Warwick..... 59 Washington St.
Woonsocket..... 28-30 North Main St.
Rhode Island
Bellingham..... 406 Main St.
Burlington..... 56 Church St.
Newport..... 58 Main St.
St. Johnsbury..... 84 Railroad St.
Springfield..... 233 Main St.

A Snip to End the Sailor's Nightmare of Fire at Sea



Marine Architect Sharp's Drawing of a New \$4,000,000 Fireproof Ship to Be Built for the Pan-American Trade After a Series of Successful Tests to Guarantee Complete Safety for Passengers and Crew.

Science Succeeds at Last in Providing Complete Safety Aboard Newly Designed Vessels Constructed of Tested Fireproof Materials Which Make Disasters Like the "Morro Castle" Impossible Because There's Nothing to Burn but Fuel



Fire Experiences Are More Dreadful Than That of Being Aboard a Doomed and Flaming Vessel. Rescue Work Today Is Not Much Faster Than It Was Back in 1891 When the Steamship "Abyssinia" Burned and Was Lost. Drawing from the Healy Collection.

FIRE at sea is a nightmare to sailors as well as to passengers. For years naval architects, engineers and builders have been fighting to banish this nightmare by constructing a vessel that could withstand flames.

They have tried to work out plans whereby a fire once started aboard ship could be confined within a small area and quickly extinguished.

And finally, thanks to unceasing efforts and aided by the progress of science they say they have succeeded.

But the road has been hard and long despite the many inventions devised with the hope of insuring safety afloat. These inventions are legion. The Thomas A. Edison Laboratories at West Orange, N. J., alone are credited with more than a hundred such devices many of which have won high commendation.

Among these is a tiny vacuum tube half the size of an ordinary fountain pen. Inside is a bimetal finger extremely sensitive to heat and so placed that it establishes electrical contact at the moment of danger.

This finger by setting off alarms, turning on lights and sprinklers and starting a mechanism to close fire doors has been installed on many boats and after two years of severe tests has not failed in a single instance.

But valuable as this safeguard is it doesn't make the whole ship fireproof. It remained for George G. Sharp, a New York naval architect of long experience in designing all sorts of craft, to tackle the puzzling problem of how to construct a ship wholly fireproof.

Fireproof building materials have been used for years. Fireproof houses are an accomplished fact, but the chief obstacle to building the fireproof ship have been the added weight of such materials and the heavy cost.

Mr. Sharp proceeded on the theory that non-flammable products could be produced that would add little weight to the ship and would not greatly increase the cost.

And he argued that the small additional expense involved in increasing resistance to fire would be more than offset by the tremendous benefits insured to passengers, crew and owners.

An opportunity was given him to demonstrate the soundness of his theories shortly after the "Morro Castle" fire in August, 1934, shocked the country.

The Senate Committee on Commerce appointed a sub-committee to prevent future catastrophes of the sort. Later a Technical Advisory Committee on Safety-at-Sea was formed under the chairmanship of Rear Admiral George H. Boker to draw up the necessary regulations for sea safety. Also a sub-committee to deal especially with fire control was appointed with Architect Sharp as its chairman.

With the cooperation of the Department of Commerce the steamship Nantasket of the Shipping Board Reserve Fleet was made available for experimental work on fireproof construction. She was anchored in the James River and the sub-committee on fire control went immediately to work.

A row of staterooms was erected throughout the length of one side of the test ship's shelter deck, including steel bathroom enclosures. Various manufacturers supplied diverse construction materials for use as bulkhead and ceiling panels. Different types of floor coverings were laid. Various sprinkler heads and detection devices were installed. These rooms were set on fire and once tested with certain fireproof materials, were torn down and reconstructed with new products.

The results of hundreds of such tests, supervised by the National Bureau of Standards, were carefully checked with various conditions of draft and mechanical ventilation. In one of the early tests a room was outfitted with furniture and furnishings of an average stateroom. Afterwards instead of the furniture only the same quantity of firewood was used.

Resulting from these tests was the chief conclusion that fire screen bulkheads and doors, fire-fighting apparatus and special detection systems are not fully reliable, although important. The committee decided that the most fool-proof means of genuine fire control lay mainly in fireproof construction.

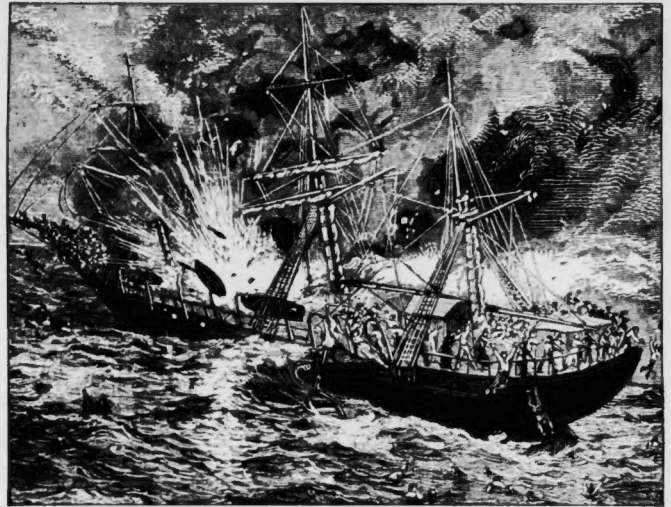


A Real Nightmare of the Open Sea in 1853. An Old Print Showing the Destruction of the American Clipper Ship "Golden Light."

Mr. Sharp found that for such construction several materials are adaptable such as steel, aluminum and asbestos, a combination of asbestos and aluminum, felt-bonded metals and non-

flammable panelings veneered with a specially treated resin. Experiments on the Nantasket showed that fire in a small space is speedily checked. By using the fire-resisting materials it was found possible to construct cabin enclosures within which combustible contents can be consumed by fire under the most severe conditions, with door and porthole open, without causing the fire to spread beyond the enclosure.

In the tests on the Nantasket it was also discovered that veneers of wood are not a real fire hazard if the core of the panels themselves is fireproof. Veneers of wood, however, are dangerous if used outside the cabins in the escape corridors. The same applies to deck and floor coverings. They are all right if laid within non-combustible enclosures.



No Such Tragedy as This Which Caused the Loss of the Steamship "Austria" in 1858 and the Lives of 471 Aboard, Is Possible on Board the New Ships.

As a result of the tests on the James River, regulations were proposed by the committee whereby all decks on the hull and superstructure should be of steel, and the walls and ceilings of staterooms and other enclosures of non-combustible material.

All stairways and corridors are safety zones in which there shall be no combustibles. Each subdivision must be provided with suitable escape means to prevent the trapping of occupants.

No restrictions are made in regard to furnishings and an adequate amount of wood trim for simple architectural forms.

The Senate Committee reported favorably on the bill, which includes all these regulations among others, but the bill has not yet become a law.

Without waiting for its enactment, however, the first 100 per cent fireproof vessels now are being built for the Panama Railroad Steamship Line as designed by Mr. Sharp.

Three such new ships are being constructed by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation for \$4,040,000 each to replace four old ones. The first boat will be ready by the end of 1935.

There is practically nothing inflammable aboard these ships except the fuel. Passengers and crew quarters are divided by steel fireproof bulkheads into seven zones extending through all the decks.

In each main stairway, serving each fire zone on each deck, there is a fire station. These stations are equipped with fire extinguishers, fire alarm boxes, gas masks and twin fire hose connections, together with other fire-fighting apparatus. All fire alarms register in the main fire control sta-

tion next to the bridge where other fire-fighting machinery, including recharges for gas masks and extinguishers, are stored.

As another safety measure the most modern and tested lifeboat equipment will be provided for the new ships. Lifeboats with hand-driven propellers will be carried. The first boats of this type to be used on American ships.

Some experts claim there are no 100 per cent fireproof ships in the trans-oceanic service, but the United States Maritime Commission recently announced plans for building "the world's safest ship." This ship will replace the Leviathan. Although the proposed ship will be smaller than many of the other trans-Atlantic boats, she will be the largest liner in the United States with a displacement of 34,000 tons, 725 feet long and 92 feet wide.

Shipping agents are filled with fire disasters and not all of them have occurred in mid-ocean.

One of the worst of such tragedies was the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum on the East River in New York, in June, 1904, when more than a thousand people perished by fire or drowning.

A major disaster on the open sea, however, occurred in 1858 when the screw steamer Austria of the Hamburg Line, went up in flames on the way to America with 338 emigrants and members of the crew aboard. No less than 471 persons perished.

Just as disastrous was the fire on the Steamship Cospatrick in 1874, when 470 persons, mostly emigrants, met death.

In 1887 the British ship Wah Yung was destroyed by flames with 400 aboard, and in 1891 the Guion liner Abyssinia was burned at sea, but fortunately her passengers and crew were rescued by the North German Lloyd steamer Spree.

Sailing vessels, too, have frequently burned to the water's edge, especially before the advent of steel construction. The famous clipper Golden Light went up in flames in 1853 and all efforts to save her failed.

The history of these and other disasters has proved that the use of fireproof materials in ship construction is the only sure safeguard against loss of life by fire at sea.

The bill reported by the Senate Commerce Committee, if enacted into law, will pave the way to 100 per cent fireproof vessels and wipe out the nightmare of fire-at-sea on American ships.

Great Americans eat QUAKER OATS, the breakfast that BRACES-UP NERVES AND DIGESTION!

This warm, vital breakfast wins sweeping approval of
distinguished American leaders!



DR. ALLAN ROY DAPOE
Guardian of the Dionne Quins
"Today our healthy Dionne
Quins had Quaker Oats."
What a tribute!



DICK MERRILL
Great American Trans-Atlantic
Flyer—only person to fly two
round-trips over the Atlantic
Ocean
"Quaker Oats has been my
favorite for years. It's a great
breakfast to brace you up!
Me ought to know!



ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS
Great American explorer, scientist and
Director of American Museum of
Natural History
"We explorers literally travel on nerves
and digestion. I'm a great believer in
a Quaker Oats breakfast because it
braces you up!
It's a he-man's breakfast!



J.L. GRIFFITH
Athletic Commissioner of the
"Big Ten" Universities—President
of National Collegiate Athletic
Association
"I thoroughly recommend Quaker
Oats for building alert, active
bodies. I've eaten it for years."
*Great Advice from a
Great American!*



RUTH HARKNESS
Great American Explorer—She
captured 'So-Lin', the only
Giant Panda in captivity
"For years I've considered Quaker
Oats a splendid breakfast for
active people."
She knows what it takes!



CAPT. "DOC" MURWIN ATOR
Great American Pilot of American
Airlines Flagship—holder of New
York-Chicago speed record
"I believe Quaker Oats is a great
breakfast for keeping you fit."
That's straight down the line—way!



WILBUR SHAW
Great American Car Designer—Win-
ner of 1937 500-Mile Speedway Race
"Quaker Oats has the stuff for me,
because the racing game goes re-
quires stamina and nerve!"
And he has a right to say so!



VERNE HUFFMAN
Great American Football Player—Voted
season's Most Valuable "Big Ten" Player
"Quaker Oats is the breakfast I bank on.
I've eaten it since I was a kid."
All-Americans in the making, take notice!



37 CHAMPION IOWA BABIES
Blue Ribbon winners of the Iowa
All-State Baby Competition
Every one of these medal-winning
babies was raised on Quaker Oats.
No wonder they're winners!

SAY, MOM, WHY DOES
QUAKER OATS SEEM TO
GIVE ME MORE PEPS!



**Mothers! Doctors Declare Vitamin-B Starvation Makes
Children Under-weight, Nervous, Dull at School!**
Quaker Oats, the warm, vital breakfast supplies
Nature's Vitamin B in abundance!

START your day on the vital side with Quaker
Oats—mainstay of millions!

TASTY, SUN-RIPE grain—the cream of the

I GUESS IT'S 'CAUSE A WARM
BREAKFAST GETS YOU GOING
QUICKER. BESIDES, QUAKER OATS
IS GOOD FOR YOUR NERVES!

harvest—makes your breakfast of Quaker Oats a
meal full of flavor.

AND VITAL to everyone's health, is the nerve-
nourishing vitamin B so richly supplied by Nature
in Quaker Oats, to brace-up nerves and digestion.

FIDGETY, RESTLESS youngsters are in special
need of this nourishment for nerves, say doctors.

EVERYONE perks-up, gets a quicker start from
the friendly lift in this warm, vital breakfast.

TRY for two weeks, either the 2½-minute quick-
cooking, or regular Quaker Oats, to see how it
does a world of good for the whole family.

HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE

A Boost by American Grocers
for Farmers who furnish your
vitamin foods!

The most important link between
your family's health and the grow-
ers of America's vitamin foods is
YOUR GROCER.

To bring you a higher standard
of health, your grocer is now co-
operating in a national **HARVEST OF
HEALTH SALE**, featuring Nature's
vitamin-rich foods.

This sale is typical of the service
rendered by American grocers every
year in moving millions of tons of
food from farm to family—with
more speed and economy than any
other system in the world.

HARVEST OF HEALTH SALE



QUAKER

SERVE HOT, OR COLD, WITH MILK OR BUTTER

Here Is the 1937 Crop, Including a Celery Queen, a Rice Queen, a Sugar Cane Queen, an Orange Queen, and a Queen of the Moss

42



Another Noted Millionaire's Pocket Caught by the Candid Camera

New Jewel Case designed to hold the Parker Vacumatic fountain pen and its accessories.

Now.. A Millionaire's Pen

That You Can Afford to Carry and Can't Afford to Miss

The Latest and Greatest Fountain Pen that Parker Has Ever Produced!

It Holds 102% More Ink Yet Is Slenderized for Restful Balance

*New Slenderized Shape...
Enlarged Ink Capacity...
One-third more Gold...
New Self-governed flow...
Exclusive Laminated Pearl-style Patented Diaphragm Filler*

Now comes the supreme achievement of Parker's 46 years of pen making—the new Master and Master Vacumatic—the most important fountain pen ever made.

A fountain pen must be thoroughly modern—our pens are modern in every respect. They are light and compact, they are workable, they are easy to use, they are durable, they are beautiful, they are simple and in performance, A PEN THAT DOES WHAT NO OTHER PEN CAN DO!

First, a fountain pen must be perfect—the great Parker Design Division gets together the greatest fountain pen designers in the world to create the perfect Master and Master Vacumatic fountain pen. They are simple, elegant and easy to use. They are beautiful and they are perfect. They are the fountain pen that you get in this new Parker Vacumatic today.

Under the same fountain pen, the Parker Vacumatic is a fountain pen that is perfect in every respect.

filler. And unlike other fountain pens, it has no piston pump or air bulb filler. A patented vacuum Diaphragm fills this master in over 100 seconds. Its working parts are sealed in the cap, where they can never touch, corrode or disintegrate.

Every Parker Vacumatic is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

Vacumatic fountain pens, like all Parker pens, are always ready to write.

A fountain pen must be perfect in every respect. It must be beautiful, it must be perfect in every respect. It must be perfect in every respect. It must be perfect in every respect.

And that's what the PARKER fountain pen is—shows its beauty in every respect. It is a fountain pen that is perfect in every respect. It is a fountain pen that is perfect in every respect.

Good fountain pens are perfect. Beauty today is the greatest of all. It is a fountain pen that is perfect in every respect. It is a fountain pen that is perfect in every respect.

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FREE!

Send word, 100 page New Parker ABBOTT'S WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY with purchase of a 1/2 bottle of Parker Quick

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

[GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT]

\$5 Junior \$7.50 Junior \$8.75 Junior \$10 Master

Parker to match \$2.50 \$3.50 \$4.75 \$5



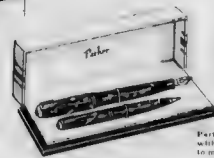
\$11.00 Set

Parker Junior and Parker Junior Vacumatic fountain pens with Parker Junior Quick



\$5.00 Set

SCHOOL SPECIAL Parker Junior and Parker Junior Vacumatic fountain pens with Parker Junior Quick



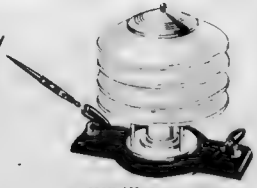
\$7.50 Set

Parker Junior and Parker Junior Vacumatic fountain pens with Parker Junior Quick

DESK BASE NO. 55 Imported Italian Marble and Silver Parker Vacumatic Desk Pen included



DESK BASE NO. 510 Imported Italian Marble and Silver Parker Vacumatic Desk Pen included



LAMP NO. 125 Parker Vacumatic Desk Lamp on base of Parker Junior and Parker Junior Vacumatic fountain pens with Parker Junior Quick

Even the Mosquito Is Bothered by Pests and
Often Serves as a Hitch-hiking Con-

*Cities, and There Are
30,000 of the Pests
to Each Human Being*



Workers in the Des Plaines Valley Illinois Mosquito Abatement District Ditching and Draining to Free the Land of Surface Water in Which the Mosquito Breeds

The Mosquito
and Its Complex Poisons
Skin of Its Victims and

her life. But an invasion of the city swamp or woodland mosquitoes lasts more than a week because, they have used up most of their life spent in getting there.

People from farm and timberland come to the city settle down in their children's quarters there for

This is the specialty of the common mosquito as several members of the *Culiseta* family, which do not bite humans, are also found in the area.

the water, usually, whether do not live for marshes or woodland pools, in which to lay their eggs. They do them in the low spot of a hot gutter, in a catch basin or any can or bottle that has caught a little rain water. The afflicted mosquito is equally unable to found a dynasty in the country.

Being a mosquito sleuth is no pleasant or easy job. Yet 200 W. P. boys volunteer for it 35 days each season at \$4.50 a day in the Indian Plains District because it has the flavor of science. For the most part these youths, aged from 18 to

Experiment on Human Bait, in Repelling
 Man's Armes Has Had an Injection of
 the Mammals Didn't Bother It, But the
 Troops, and Shows the Efforts, of a Mes-

the mosquito is stained or not. At the October peak of the mosquito season in the Des Plaines I district it is estimated that in ten square miles there are 13 billion mosquitoes, almost one and a half to each human. For each human, the mosquitoes give 30,000 mosquitoes to bite him each day.

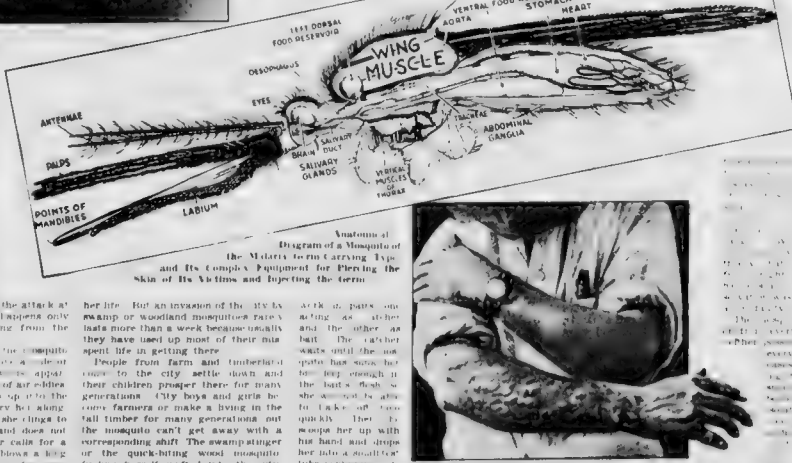
Few of a human being's quota of 30,000 mosquitoes ever get to him, and must be contented with collecting their blood tax from the lower aristocracy. Though a bear will accept a honey out of a beehive nest in a hollow tree, the deft mosquito, the sugar-lover, he is a specially easy victim of mosquitoes, which he never robs.

[illegible]

The policy to be carried out by the Government is that it is neither possible nor desirable to train every breeding pair. In many cases it is simply necessary to

hated that Spanish can live in them but the mosquito was so particular in such cases. If it is necessary to spray the stream with a poisonous pyrethrum mixture or cover it with a film of oil. The wriggler has to come to the surface every little while for a breath of air. The oil film prevents this, causing the wriggler to asphyxiate.

When the weather becomes warm enough in the Spring for the mosquito to resume operations it does not waste the twenty days needed to develop from the egg to the man-eating stage. Plenty of full-grown specimens hibernate all Winter and after polishing the Winter's dust from their stingers are ready, able and willing to bite the first victim that comes along.



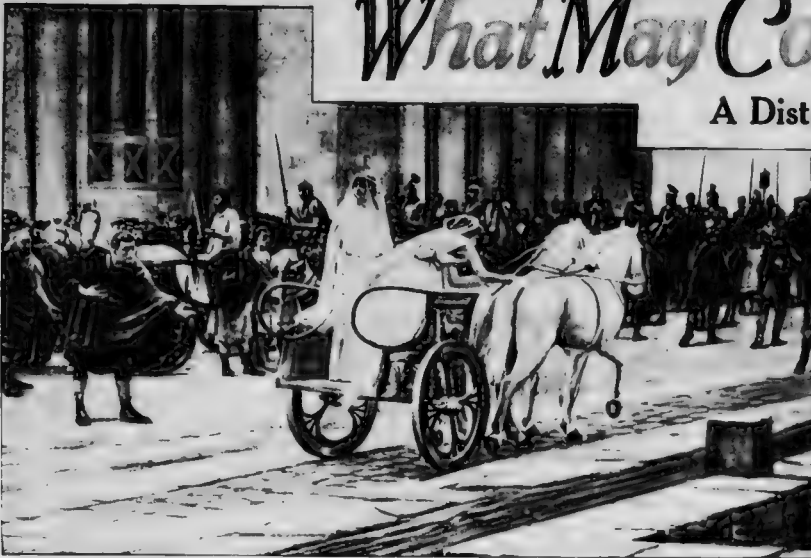
Result of an Experiment on Hucan But, in Repelling the Pests
One of the Man's Arms Was Had An Injection of "Repellent
Fluid" and the Mosquitoes Didn't Bother It, But the Lower Arm
Was Not Treated, and Shows the Effects of a Mass Attack

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What May Come From Pa

A Distinguished Student of Human Governments to Check "B and Paying Bonuses for Motherhood As a Hig



"The Head Vestal Passes"—Painting by Henry Paul Motte. The Vestal Virgins Held a Place of Highest Honor in Ancient Rome and Were Empowered to Grant Any Petitions They Approved. But Any Love Affair of Theirs Was Punished by Brutal Aims, and It Is Suggested That the Mothers of the Future Will Be Equally Honored, But With Similar Restrictions.

By A. WASHINGTON PEZET

(Internationally known sociological author and investigator of social aspects of prohibition. American alimony laws, etc. contributor to "Immigrant Backgrounds," and other humanitarian studies.)

THE greatest strike in the world is now being talked about only by scientists and statesmen. It is the almost world-wide "birth-strike"—the refusal of husbands and wives to have more than one baby or any at all.

In all countries of the western civilized world fewer and fewer babies are being born. Race suicide is no longer the almost imaginary bogey that it was a few years ago. It is an ever increasing threat against all the highest civilizations of the world. There are even reports that the strike of husbands and wives is beginning to spread to the most advanced of the eastern nations, Japan.

Many readjustments of society and business are to be expected. Fewer baby clothes will be sold in department stores and more clothes for old people. Small apartments already are in demand. Houses for large families are not. But deepest of all these changes probably will be the lessening of the family and the changing of "normal" children, who depend on the support of a young man for a living.

The most recent student of the strike of parents, the British sociologist Mr. Kingsley Davis is responsible for the fact that the recently issued Council of European Nations and other statesmen over 100 babies is reported in many laws, decrees and other enactments to encourage larger families.

Scientific experts on population agree about the danger. While the populations of most civilized countries still are increasing slowly, they are doing so much less rapidly than a generation ago. Population experts predict that in a hundred years the United States will have only about 100,000,000 or 150,000,000 people and England only about 50,000,000. The same is true of other countries in Europe. In France in 1900 the average number of children per family was 4.5. In 1900 it was 3. At the present time it has fallen to 2.2.

In the United States the annual birth rate has declined 25 percent in the last ten years. So far these declining birth rates have been largely offset in their effect by an even more rapid decline in the death rate, but within the next few years the fall of birth rates must exceed the fall of death rates and actual decline of populations will then set in.

Alarmed not only at the prospect of lack of boys for armies but of both boys and girls for workers, the dictators of Russia, Germany and Italy already are offering bribes of money and other valuable considerations to make parents yield the old-time bumper crop of babies.

In Italy Il Duce has for several years taxed bachelors. Recently he decided to grant substantial state loans for marriage and maternity. Fathers of large families will be especially rewarded. A few weeks ago at Milan, Signor Mussolini personally led a procession of 25 couples about to be married and who had promised as many children as possible. All unmarried government employees who agree to contract marriages likely to be fertile have been promised extra holidays.

In Germany, Hitler's government also is making loans to young couples to enable them to get married. In one province, Pomerania, government employees were recently ordered to get married or lose their jobs. The German government offers other financial rewards to heads of families of at least four children. Last May all candidates for places as leaders of the National Socialist Party were ordered to marry before 26 or give up hope of advancement. All German newswriters not only receive a presentation copy of Herr Hitler's autobiography but a free daily newspaper for at least a month.

According to a recent review in the leading Ger-



But Others Think That a "Mechanized Mother's" Life Will Be Modelled Somewhat Upon That of the Old Oriental Harems, With Mechanical Robots Guarding Them Instead of Eunuchs.

man newspaper, the Frankfurter Zeitung, Germany has spent the equivalent of \$15,000,000 in loans to encourage marriages. This has produced a total of about 500,000 children, about half of whom might have been born anyway but with at least 250,000 or 225,000 of them credited to the loans. Because of the government's policy of writing off a quarter of each loan as soon as a child is born, the net cost of these children, not counting loans which never will be paid, is at least \$32,000,000. Yet in spite of this birth subsidy, the newspaper's expert concludes that the increase in births still is far below that needed to maintain the war-time necessities of the Reich.

In Soviet Russia, in spite of the fact that this is one of the few countries where the birth rate still is increasing, decrees have just been issued to give financial aid to mothers and to penalize women who try to avoid motherhood.

The democracies of Western Europe, France and England, aware of their own rapidly declining birth rates, and of what is being done to offset a similar trend in the neighboring dictatorships, are beginning to take note of these conditions, to discuss them in their parliaments and to seek remedies.

In Massachusetts a law is pending in the Legislature for a State bonus of \$50 for each child born. A similar law being considered by the Legislature of New York State would offer \$75 to the mother of every child.

Only a few days ago, at the National Conference of Catholic Charities at St. Paul, Bishop Aloisius J. Muench, of North Dakota, called attention to the economic losses and danger of a new depression threatened by smaller supplies of babies. Decreasing national population will result, he believes, in ever-smaller consumption, greater surpluses of farm products and increased unemployment for all classes in the community.

Many things have been blamed for the parents' strike. Husbands and wives have been scolded for

the modern divorce evil which breaks up homes before the children have had the full benefits of home life. Wives have been scolded for spending their days in beauty parlors, at the movies or at bridge clubs, putting in their time anywhere but at home. Husbands have been accused of preferring to "step out" evenings instead of staying at home with the children, if there are any. The average city home has become a sort of sleeper for the husband and a place where the wife goes occasionally to change her clothes.

Even the defenders of the "modern way of life" do not deny that these things are wrecking the home and contributing to the decline in the birth rate. But these things are not themselves the real causes of the evil but rather symptoms of the true underlying cause. The fact, as Mr. Davis and other sociologists show by convincing statistics, is that having children no longer is a paying business. On the contrary, it has become an extremely expensive luxury.

In a civilization based essentially on farm life, such as existed in the United States and almost everywhere else a century ago, children were a financial asset. A family that had reared several sturdy sons had thereby acquired insurance against sickness, accident and old age. Children in those days took the place of social security and all those other benefits which socialistic legislation is asking of the government today.

The reason why schools are closed all summer is not, as many suppose, to save pupils from study in hot weather, but because in the days when schools were first started the boys and girls were needed to work ten times as hard on the farms during these months helping their parents. The more children the better, and the rare childless farmer had hard sledding. At least one of the sons married and remained on the farm carrying on with his children when the parents became too old.

Today all this has changed, except in those



Premier Mussolini Reviewing Italian Mothers Who Share in Substantial Financial Rewards for Bearing Large Families.

countries that still are based on the old-time way of life. In the United States, for example, the average family today has only two children, and the birth rate is declining. In the United Kingdom, the birth rate has fallen to a level that is below the replacement level. In the United States, the birth rate has fallen to a level that is below the replacement level. In the United States, the birth rate has fallen to a level that is below the replacement level.

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This is no longer the case. Instead of continuing the glories of his family, the average person today tries to rise above those glories to something still better. This is only one of the reasons which leads Mr. Davis to agree with a considerable number of other sociologists that the whole institution of the family is doomed.

Mr. Davis does not believe that any amount of scolding will make the family produce children as of old, because the family no longer fits modern civilization. Either cities and industry must be abolished, he believes, or the family must vanish in favor of some other and newer method of obtaining and training a sufficient quantity of children to prevent the wholesale decline of civilization. Mr. Davis' thoughtful and startling conclusions have been set forth in the British Sociological Review, official organ of the Institute of Sociology, and edited by Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders, recognized as the leading world student of populations and their trends.

"No amount of adjustment in the family," Mr. Davis writes, "will actually make it jibe with present-day social organization. When a modern man marries he is not so much founding a family as entering upon an amorous adventure. A still more significant manifestation is the fact that authority and esteem are given in greater abundance, not to those who propagate, but to those who refrain from propagating."

Nothing can be done under the present conditions, Mr. Davis believes, to put the institution of the family back in the position of esteem it once held. As for his two alternatives, it is highly improbable that any government would voluntarily give up the military advantage of having an industrialized population, but that solution of the

Why Women To Have Babies

Society Discusses the Efforts of "Birth-Strikes" by Lessening Taxes on Children, and Sees Future of Fully Mechanized Career With Startling Possibilities of a Completely Changed World



Reichsfuehrer Hitler Reviewing One of His "Ideal Families." At Least Four Children and Preferably All Boys, Germany Has Spent a Total of \$182,000,000 to Finance 500,000 Marriages With a Gain of 225,000 More Children—An Average of 8800 Apiece.

problem may be in store for the future, should there be another great world war that would destroy a nation and nations. The survivors would then have to go back to the simpler agricultural life of earlier days. Industry would have to be rebuilt from the bottom. In the meanwhile the institution of the family would crumble a new basis of life.

That line probably would be lengthened also if the survivors of Western civilization were left to their own devices by some social and political change as the rise and fall of nations. As we can believe in the future, the days of George Washington and the birth of the United States are some such story. It is a story of the birth and growth of a nation. It is a story of the birth and growth of a nation. It is a story of the birth and growth of a nation.

As has been found true in Germany, none of these measures now being undertaken by governments is likely to be sufficient. The whole family machinery, Mr. Davis argues, is too far out of adjustment with modern industrial life. The newest plan of paying parents enough to make child-bearing profitable will cost far too much to be practicable. It will give rise to mountainous taxes that will fall on everyone, putting even the parents back financially just where they were before and seriously curtailing general prosperity.

Taking the average of \$10,000 that it probably costs to rear and educate a child in the United States, dividing this sum by eighteen, the age at which it is assumed that the child may be released from support, and multiplying this result by 43,750,000, the number of children born in the United States according to the census of 1920, it would cost the government each year \$22,960,000,000 more than six times the total expenditure of the government for that year. And if the scheme had the effect of doubling the birth rate, as it well might, then it would cost the government just double that amount, or nearly \$50,000,000,000 a year; fourteen billions more than the total national debt at the present time.

It is true that such stupendous taxation on top of all the other, Mr. Davis believes that some government sooner or later will offer child bearing as a career open to certain women specially adapted for the purpose.

The beginning of such a policy would mean the beginning of a new institution which must in time



When Dean Scott Wrote His Famous "Gulliver's Travels," the Idea of a Race of Giants, Compared to Whom the Average Human Being Would Be a Mite, Was Thought Fantastic, but Science Now Says It Is Possible to Breed Either Enormous or Undersized Humans, and Points Out a Race of Pygmies Would Be of Extraordinary Service in Time of War.



The Beginning of the Family, It Is Pointed Out, Occurred Among the Rigors of the Ice Age When There Was No Mechanization Such as Today, One Factor of the "Almost World-Wide Birth-Strike."



Civilization on the Moon As Conceived by H. G. Wells in His "First Men in the Moon," Was That of Highly Specialized Insects Each Bred for Its Own Particular Line of Work—Those Shown Above Are the "Common Carriers."

would educate them. Thus, by a gradual evolution unforeseen at the start, the use of monetary rewards for having children would lead to a system in which the father's role is assumed by the state, the mother's role by professional women paid by the state for their services.

"A new kind of reproductive organization compatible with modern society would have been substituted for the family. The only vestige of the latter would be informal marriage and an occasional couple who, with the permission of the state, wanted to have a child of their own, at their own expense."

Just how far and in what direction unconscious human forces will carry this replacement of the family and just what startling changes will result from it are uncertain. But if Mr. Davis' prediction of a special profession of child bearing is right, everyone will have to make radical readjustments.

A selected group of women cannot take up all the child bearing for the community without changing their own habits and attitudes toward life. In some respects they would lead carefree lives of ease like inmates of the old-time harems. But they would have to suppress individuality in favor of perfect bodily regulation and health, to put them in best shape for their task of bearing the largest possible number of children during a term of ten or fifteen years. A present-day professional woman in some artistic or similar field already subordinates all her activities to her pro-

duction of children. It is not an interference with her work, she says, but a part of it and goes to bed at night, not to sleep but to rest her body from the strain of her work.

Science, it is pointed out, may be expected to breed a race of giants. But it is not a matter of time before we shall have a race of giants. As the world is now, it is a matter of time before we shall have a race of giants. As the world is now, it is a matter of time before we shall have a race of giants.

There would be no more of a husband and wife, as we know them, because there would be no more families. The father of the new mother-child would be a man who would never know or see because of the child's creation, would be of the so-called test-tube variety, produced according to scientific methods, like those already practiced by a number of physicians, such as Dr. Frances I. Seymour and Dr. Alfred Koerner of New York City, who for two years have been providing test-tube children for selected childless wives.

In these cases the father never comes in contact with the mother of his child or knows who either of them are. The vital cell is brought by the doctor in a test tube and communicated to the prospective mother by artificial means. Fathers of the new no-family age, like the present donors of germ cells, would be selected with the utmost scientific care for physical and mental qualities which might be inherited. They would be men free from all anatomical defects and from any taint of insanity or other disease.

They would have to be men of middle age, because men under thirty who appear in all respects to be normal later may develop insanity or some other latent defect.

With the advent of the specially selected father and the career mother, science would be in a position for the first time to practice eugenics on a large scale and to breed human beings for desired mental and physical qualities, precisely as domestic animals are now bred for special physical characteristics.

Just what changes in human beings and in their social environment this ability to control the race would lead to no one can predict with accuracy. The exact nature of the changes will depend upon many factors that lie outside of the new reproductive institution itself. But knowledge of biology and of present human societies makes possible certain very likely guesses.

It is known, for example, that at the present time the bony structure of many men is such

ROBERT REYNOLDS
presents
Naughty denny coe
comic Drama with
Animal Acts
by Jeff

"I'll say you
got a note."
Said Skinny
Suddenly

[illegible]

While it is not the case that $\mathcal{A} \subseteq \mathcal{A}^*$ and $\mathcal{A}^* \subseteq \mathcal{A}$ for all $\mathcal{A}$, we do have that $\mathcal{A} \subseteq \mathcal{A}^*$ for all $\mathcal{A}$ and $\mathcal{A}^* \subseteq \mathcal{A}$ for all $\mathcal{A}$ that are $\mathcal{A}$ -closed. Moreover, we have that $\mathcal{A}^*$ is $\mathcal{A}$ -closed for all $\mathcal{A}$.

At the time, I was a 21-year-old, single, white female, who had just graduated from high school and was working as a clerk in a department store. I was a member of the NAACP and had been active in the civil rights movement since I was a child. I was a member of the NAACP and had been active in the civil rights movement since I was a child. I was a member of the NAACP and had been active in the civil rights movement since I was a child.

[illegible][illegible]

...off a high altitude camp using themselves up-
per the terrain. It was a very big problem. B-
they took a lot of time and effort about the K-

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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

— You can't have that bag, either. What if I tell your mother that you can't have a bag and you can't have a bag and you can't have that bag because of no cream—mother promised us.

— The same suspect Robert who had never dreamed of this sensible thing for the first time. What freedom of the speech.

Why do they and the American people fear that we
remain for all the action and understanding in the world? Can
and we could have a lot of war parts after the war
One that would be the breathless Rector with a
startling for the law office. People will be glad to pay
over the cost of this money there was a great deal of money

Skippy declined to answer this easily commercial query but he was impressed. He focused his tactics of argumentation upon Paula until she relented to the extent of agreeing to tolerate the dog and the animal actor. He told them, however, the absolute of battle.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS (RA) is a chronic, systemic disease of the joints. The basic cause of the disease is unknown, but it is thought to be an autoimmune disease. The immune system attacks the body's own tissues, causing inflammation and damage to the joints. The disease is characterized by joint pain, swelling, and stiffness, particularly in the morning. It can also affect other parts of the body, such as the heart, lungs, and skin. There is no cure for RA, but treatment can help to manage the symptoms and slow the progression of the disease. Treatment options include pain relievers, anti-inflammatory drugs, and disease-modifying antirheumatic drugs (DMARDs). Physical therapy and exercise can also help to maintain joint function and reduce pain.

Y. K. Kuo, *Department of Mathematics, University of Illinois at Chicago, Chicago, IL 60607*
 E-mail: ykkuo@uic.edu

[illegible]

We think we will have a very good time.

'You hear Pa, it's me girl' she said.

I thought my she was dead



But the most striking thing about the book is the way it is written. The author, a woman, has written a book that is both a memoir and a history. It is a book that is both a personal story and a story of a nation. It is a book that is both a love story and a story of a people. It is a book that is both a story of a woman and a story of a nation.

This subtle, guttural growl, known as a "saw," conveys a hefty, capricious, almost sinister, but rather urgent Pinaud to say yes. There was only one problem, which the director, teamed with screenwriter,

Robert. They thought to make things look natural and everything. Katty and Paula ought to wear the same dress in the play. Paula said Nubuh her ma-ma didn't raise any foolish children. Katty, white, could wear anything she

shed Down the Aisle and Through the Entrance, Urged On By Ear-Splitting Plants of the Princess, Who By Some Magic of Fear Clung On.

(continued on Page 18)

*She Dashed Down the Aisle and Through the Entrance, Urged On By
the Ear-Splitting Plaints of the Princess, Who By Some Magic
of Fear Clung On.*

MEAL OF THE MONTH

Join the Meal of the Month Club! It costs you nothing. It gives you food discoveries no housewife has the time, the experience, or the equipment to discover for herself. Save every recipe.

**MARIE GIFFORD**

Miss Gifford and her staff spend a whole year in the great Armour trial kitchens, just to perfect *such* outstanding meals.

**HERE ARE THE ITEMS FOR
THIS MONTH'S MAIN DISH**

14 strips Armour's Star Bacon
One pound ground Beef and Pork
A No. 2 can of Tomatoes and a No. 2
can of Peas or 2 lbs. fresh
Small head of Cauliflower
A 10-cent Apple Pie for

[illegible]

HOW TO PREPARE

Mix the 1-pint dry blend evenly with 1 cup milk and 1 egg, and pour into a 10-inch pie pan. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Top with 1/2 cup milk and 1 egg, and bake for another 15 minutes. They brown on top, so watch them.

[illegible]

Serve meat at every meal. It is the best source of iron, and it builds strength, causes the growth of new blood cells, and keeps the bones and teeth.

The main dish—looks like a triumph of the chef's art, but it's ridiculously easy to prepare. Use dry-cured bacon and the slices will broil evenly and uniformly as in photo

★ Three million women now follow the Armour Meal of the Month. Each month's meal is economical enough to serve any day in the week. These are studied meals; the most appetizing combinations, correct food values, and easily prepared.

This month's meal is built around an economical but substantial dish made with meats of high energy value. Any man will go for it in a big way; children will love it.

Serve these feature meals frequently. Your success with them is guaranteed if you follow instructions. There is a good

M E N U

- Star Bacon with Baked Meat Balls
Bacon Tomato Sauce
Buttered Peas Cauliflower
Stuffed Prune Salad
Rolls Cloverbloom Butter
Chocolate Cake Brown Sugar Frosting



reason for every instruction. For example, this month's recipe specifies *dry-cured*

bacon. Don't try to use a spongy *pickled* bacon—or that artistic ring of bacon will be a sorry sight. To say nothing of how it would taste!

By the way, you may have discovered that the flavor of bacon varies more than any other meat you buy. But if you use Star Bacon, you won't have this worry. Armour's Star Bacon is *fixed flavor*. No others have the *fixed-flavor* process. The government permits no other bacon to be labeled "fixed flavor"...

And every pound of Star Bacon is dry-cured.

A circular logo with a dark background. At the top, the word "Armour's" is written in a script font. In the center, a five-pointed star is prominently displayed. Below the star, the words "25th ANNIVERSARY" are written in a bold, sans-serif font.

ARMOUR'S *Fixed Flavor* STAR BACON

FREE
Meal of
the Month
FILE



This convenient file for the kitchen contains all the most popular Meal of the Month recipes to date, all different, no duplication. A collection of delectable dishes that will save you time and money, and take the monotony out of planning—and eating—home-planned meals. No cook book contains such winning combinations as these featured meals. Make them meals of the week. Please note: this free file offer will not be repeated, and no request can be honored without this coupon.

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Chicago, Illinois

Please send me complete Meal of the Month kitchen file, free and prepaid

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STAY more time to take a look at them with the help of the State's No Smoking Now when you put a pack of the famous Proctor & Kitchen cigarettes in your car. You'll be able to smoke them without worrying about parking or paying for it. No more worrying about how you're going to get to the airport. It's the last in the line of self-automotive and time-saving products. Don't get it until you see when you're home. We'll state it now. Stay a Proctor & Kitchen is faster with this.

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THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of *The American Weekly*. Why not start one for home and school use?

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of *The American Weekly*. Why not start one for home and school use?

(Continued from Double Page)

that many of their children are injured at birth. This would be taken care of by selecting career

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

ent surround marriage. The fear of having children before being in a position to support them and likewise the fear of growing too old to have them both would be

removed from the human scene, people will find in smaller communities what undoubtedly exist in the new method of producing and rearing children. Should decentralization and the conception of the all-encompassing state, in which the individual is submerged, be the customs spread to all the world, are the far less happy evolution is possible for the human race. Should the present trend toward totalitarianism, toward the state which, under the banner of the common good, suppresses the individual, be the type of state of which all countries of the world should have the example, the human race will be reduced to a mass of slaves, and it is evident that this is not the path we should follow. We should turn back and toward the old plan of the free state, which has not only the right but the duty to protect the individual, which has no right to

The first step, says the author, is to determine the nature of the problem. He divides it into two categories: (1) a problem of quantity, and (2) a problem of quality. He then discusses the various factors that influence the quantity and quality of the labor force, and the various factors that influence the demand for labor. He then discusses the various factors that influence the supply and demand for capital, and the various factors that influence the supply and demand for land. He then discusses the various factors that influence the supply and demand for labor, capital, and land. He then discusses the various factors that influence the supply and demand for labor, capital, and land. He then discusses the various factors that influence the supply and demand for labor, capital, and land.

of the most common types. And very probably they would be the most common of a representative sample of the same species rather than in any particular place.

At present the Japanese, Chinese, and American scientists who are studying the Japanese fauna are not even close to knowing that the Japanese fauna is unique. Yet with a few exceptions, the Japanese fauna is as different from the Chinese fauna as the Chinese fauna is from the Korean fauna. And the Japanese fauna is as different from the Korean fauna as the Korean fauna is from the Chinese fauna. As for the fauna of South Korea, as far as I know, it has not even been examined as a fauna in its own right, but only as a part of the fauna of the Korean peninsula. The fauna of the Korean peninsula is a mixture of the fauna of the Korean peninsula and the fauna of the Japanese archipelago.

There ought to be a study of the fauna of the Korean peninsula for a year (twice a year) to see if the fauna of the Korean peninsula is different from the fauna of the Japanese archipelago. The study should be done by a Japanese scientist, a Chinese scientist, and an American scientist. The study should be done by a Japanese scientist, a Chinese scientist, and an American scientist. The study should be done by a Japanese scientist, a Chinese scientist, and an American scientist.

less in war and valuable even in peace. An airplane could drop a thousand of these little planes behind the enemy's lines at night to come fluttering down and

[illegible]

The production of a large number of the most important species of the plant kingdom is concentrated in the tropical zone. The amount of rainfall can be obtained both in warm and cold climates if they are in the same zone. The tropical zone is the most important for the production of the most important species of the plant kingdom. The tropical zone is the most important for the production of the most important species of the plant kingdom.

It is worth noting that these clay tablets are also known for their inscriptions of a very different kind. The clay tablets from the library of Ashurbanipal, king of Assyria, contain a vast collection of magical spells, incantations, and other magical texts. These texts are written in a cuneiform script, and they are arranged in a systematic way. The texts are organized into a series of columns, and they are arranged in a way that suggests a systematic approach to magic. The texts are arranged in a way that suggests a systematic approach to magic. The texts are arranged in a way that suggests a systematic approach to magic.

have and perpetuate themselves in another question. Perhaps they would select the most promising example of a child from every group of children to be special.

trained and taken into the palace. But if any of them were made a woman, would they consent? If with the formation of their race, there could be a woman and perhaps a generation which might destroy the whole people. If a man became a woman, all the men and women would be destroyed. The result of the plan was a great deal of suffering. The king, the queen, and the people were all suffering. The king was very old and the queen was very young. The people were very poor and the king was very rich. The queen was very beautiful and the king was very ugly. The people were very happy and the king was very sad. The queen was very kind and the king was very cruel. The people were very brave and the king was very cowardly. The queen was very wise and the king was very foolish. The people were very strong and the king was very weak. The queen was very gentle and the king was very harsh. The people were very honest and the king was very dishonest. The queen was very pure and the king was very impure. The people were very good and the king was very bad. The queen was very kind and the king was very cruel. The people were very brave and the king was very cowardly. The queen was very wise and the king was very foolish. The people were very strong and the king was very weak. The queen was very gentle and the king was very harsh. The people were very honest and the king was very dishonest. The queen was very pure and the king was very impure. The people were very good and the king was very bad.

[illegible][illegible]

of personal liberty and individual initiative as I can be fitted into the new conditions of a rapidly changing world.

\$250
Imported Algerian
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BREAK
SWEET, MELLOW
SMOKING PIPE

A \$3.50 VALUE
all for **50¢** **POST PAID**

FREE

Get 50 in 5¢ Tobacco Pouch
Smoking Tobacco
Pipe Cleaners

Free up to
6 Pipes

No. 55
C
50¢

[illegible]

IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film, hair soft
shining like silk!

NOT A SOAP—NOT AN OIL.
Even the Dullest Hair Gleans Like Silk with
a Single Washing!

[illegible]

(Continued from Page 16) parts. Says: "I was told me

(Continued from Page 16) parts. Says: "I was told me

She says she has never been in a relationship with a man who would not have been a "strong, successful, intelligent, and successful" man. She says she has never been in a relationship with a man who would not have been a "strong, successful, intelligent, and successful" man. She says she has never been in a relationship with a man who would not have been a "strong, successful, intelligent, and successful" man.

[illegible]

"She'll look like young blood
trying to ride a pony in that,"
said Mrs. White, who was very
practical. "You'll have good
sense and wear your riding
clothes."

"But you don't understand. In
the play I'm a Princess."

"Even Princesses have sense
enough to dress for riding when
they ride."

"But mother, this is different.
Medieval Princesses didn't wear

playful ways of anaking up
head and biting you on the
shoulder. But this was only
to bite the skin off your skin.
If you can away from her
she ran after you seeking more
exercise for her enormous inuators,
but if you simply disregarded the
bite why it was all right, she
let you alone. Whatever quims
or hopes—Kitty White might

(Continued on Page 23)

191, 6 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, looking slightly to the right. The image is framed by a thick black border.

Eye Make-up in Good Taste

More than 100,000,000 women use *Good Taste* eye make-up.

pleasure in the soft strokes of Maybelline Mascara — and presto — pale, sad eyes, scattered lashes are transubstantiated into long, dark, curling, luxuriant femininity that is the very breath of romance and feminine charm.

Non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, the exquisite new **CURLERS** formidably exorcise all Solid Form Maybelline Mascara are obtainable at drug and department stores. Introduce your eyes at 10c apiece. Treat yourself to charm — **must** on Maybelline.

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FOLLOW THE TREND!



It's in the air, it's everywhere—
The trend's to blends, and so take care
To call for Calvert—you'll declare,
"A perfect blend that's rich and rare!"



CLEAR HEADS
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Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve," Calvert's "Special," and Old Drum Brand Whiskies, and Calvert's Distilled London Dry Gin.

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*Florence Ryerson
and Colin Clements*

Received 10 June 1998; accepted 18 July 1998

[illegible][illegible]

What is the best way to get the most out of your car? The answer is simple: by following the advice of the experts. In this book, you will find out how to choose the right car for your needs, how to negotiate the best price, and how to maintain your car properly. The book is written by a car expert who has been in the industry for over 20 years. It is a comprehensive guide that covers everything you need to know about cars. The book is written in a clear and concise style that is easy to read. It is a must-read for anyone who is considering buying a car or who wants to get the most out of their current car. The book is available in paperback and hardcover formats. The paperback version is \$14.95 and the hardcover version is \$24.95. The book is available at all major bookstores and online retailers.

Uncle Caleb looked at the two and his jaw dropped. He grabbed his hat with both hands and turned distractedly. "I can't see

[illegible][illegible]

1980年, 在《中国大百科全书》中, 对“中国文学”的定义是: “中国文学是指中国境内各民族作家创作的文学作品”。这一定义, 从创作主体的民族属性出发, 将中国文学的范围限定在中国境内各民族作家创作的文学作品之内。这一定义, 从创作主体的民族属性出发, 将中国文学的范围限定在中国境内各民族作家创作的文学作品之内。这一定义, 从创作主体的民族属性出发, 将中国文学的范围限定在中国境内各民族作家创作的文学作品之内。

KNOWS HER WAY
AROUND"

[illegible][illegible]

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THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE
CORNS STOP HURTING
Safe, Sure Relief in One Minute!

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads your valuable, shoe pressure points are soothed. They prevent corns, blisters, raw new or tight shoes. They soothe and heal in 1 minute! It's pain-free relief for your burning, tender blisters and corns, or rubbed or chafed feet. It's safe. It's fast. It's sure. **Available November 19th at all drug stores.** Buy a box today. Corns & blisters. Sold everywhere.

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DO YOU KNOW that the American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

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DO IT FOR 10c WITH SANI-FLUSH

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Just pour Sani-Flush in the radiator. Follow directions on can. Run the motor. Drain, flush and fill up with antifreeze. Then you won't lose antifreeze. Poor circulation won't spoil the efficiency of your motor. Sani-Flush can't hurt aluminum cylinder heads or motor parts. You'll find it in most book stores for cleaning tools, and in hardware, drug, hardware, and Sani-Flush stores—25 and 10c stores. The Hygiene Products Co., Canton, O.

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GET OUT OF BED WITH A HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR

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Lift Right Out!

Just drop FREEZONE on any tender, touchy corn. Quickly it starts working in a few days you just lift that old bothersome corn right off your fingers. It works like a charm.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most, hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

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RELIEVES ACID INDIGESTION UNBELIEVABLY FAST

YES, TUMS, a remarkable, new discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true cause of acid—excess acid. Acid neutralizes excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives, no harmful drugs. Guaranteed to contain no acids. Over 15 million TUMS already have brought the amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS. At all drug stores. Get a handy little tin today, or the three tin economy package with metal container for only 25c.

The Changed Woman

(Continued from Page 18)

have had concerning the pony's conduct toward Paula, however, were dispelled by Alicia's ladylike conduct during rehearsal. At the dress rehearsal, the afternoon preceding the date of the big evening event, Paula wore her resplendent dress for the first time. She had to ride saddle, for she couldn't have straddled her pony without the aid of a step-ladder and two or three train carriers. Here was a dress in which there had been no skimping either of quality or quantity. Her mother had even bought jeweled trappings for Paula, and the palfrey-princess ensemble was truly gorgeous and glittering. Paula was a handsome girl even with ordinary adornment, and today her black curly bob, her cameo features, her imperiously upturned little nose—well, she simply looked like a million dollars worth of jewelry.

That was what Robert Reynolds, the impresario, said. Kitty White heard him, and she turned her face so nobody could see that her lower lip was twisted. She went through her part in the play with a pale grace, subdued decorum.

"She's got married," she repeated plaintively in the second act. "I feel like a changed woman."

Marriage manifestly had saddened and disillusioned the Princess. Nobody said she looked like a million dollars worth of jewelry in her corsetry pants. She'd take the spangles off Alicia tomorrow night, before she rode that much she vowed.

Robert walked home afterwards with Kitty and she hadn't school her lower lip against its quivering, stopped short. She threw her arms across her pony's neck and buried her face in its fuzzy mane and wept. She didn't cry—she boo-hoed.

The pony waited patiently. Robert Reynolds had never been so surprised in all his life. He was shocked dumb. He glanced apprehensively up and down the street. Suppose somebody saw them and thought he had made her cry?

"Why, what a—what a matter, Kitty?" faltered Robert. "Kitty dug deeper into the heretofore and did not answer. 'What a matter, Kitty—don't you like our show?'" Kitty gulped and shuddered. "What a matter? There sure must be something the matter or you wouldn't ask this. What a matter, Kitty?" "Nothing," sobbed Kitty. "Aw, yes there is. Are you mad at somebody?" Kitty shook her head vigorously. Alicia reached around to take a loving nip at her shoulder, but couldn't reach it. "You are a," challenged Robert. "I know what you're mad at. You're mad at old Paula Richardson."

ardson had scowled her out of the limelight, though Kitty didn't have any pony dress like that one with all the daunt-things on it that Paula had. May be that was it. He hadn't thought of that. He was sorry. He didn't like dem oldie-olies any more, but he sure liked Kitty White better than that tack-up old Paula. If he had bought about it, some he would have made Shiny Hilliard write something more for Kitty to do in the last act. The oldie could have said he would like to see his own red daughter do a bare-back act riding Alicia or something. But it was too late now.

Robert spent all of the following morning and afternoon in Paula's backyard, looking after the final details, such as printing new tickets after all the old ones

were sold—they had gone like hot cakes—hunting up planks to make extra benches for the audience, arranging all the props and proving that it would not rain. It did rain, but it cleared up before mid-afternoon and everything looked propitious of success.

But Paula Richardson made him mad. She hinted around for compliments on how she had looked in the dress rehearsal in her royal gown, and Robert just wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

"And Kitty—wasn't she just too cute?" gushed Paula maliciously. "I think she looks just no starting in that rusty little old thing suit, don't you?"

"I sure do," said Robert bluntly of emphatically. "I think she looks just like the Princess of Wales!"

THE tent was filling up. The big show teetered toward the ragged edge of production. Vast excitement behind the scenes, nervous fluttering, cooing chatter, exotic smell of grease paint and powder—oh, yes, this was a real, sure-enough show like professionals give. Little things went wrong, such as burnt-out globes and sagging guy ropes, and they kept Robert hopping even after he had donned the glorified Santa Claus suit and Chesworth mantle which dithered about his shoulders.

A big thing went wrong at the last minute—those darn old girls again. There was a quartet over the occupancy of the Star's Dressing Room. This was a corner curtained off with a canvas flap, and on the latter Paula

Richardson, perhaps at the suggestion of her elders, had pinned a large silver star.

"But I thought I was going to dress in there," said Robert. "Kitty White saying, in a strained and dangerous tone."

"You thought wrong," snapped Paula Richardson. "You'd better go look after your horse. You haven't got any dressing to do anyway—you're all dressed to give with."

"She let fall the flap and disappeared within, and when Robert Reynolds hastened to the scene he found Kitty staring dumbly at the silver star. Her arms were stiffened at her side, her fingers clenched.

"You're right! I'd better look after my horse," cried Kitty loudly enough, the dimmed Robert feared to have been heard in the

audience. Then Kitty dashed out of the tent, to the spot where the palfrey Alicia was hitched.

"Aw, Kitty, wait a minute," begged Robert, hurrying after her, but Kitty and her pony were off in the darkness. Kitty was leading her horse, blindly, it seemed, for she made the back gate. Robert overtook them outside in the weed-grown alley.

"Aw, Kitty, you're not mad at me, are you?" implored Robert. "I'll ruin the whole show if you go off like this—it'll hurt me worse than it does Paula."

Kitty was not crying this time. She was a small, cold fury. "She wants to be the whole show—let her be it," cried Kitty. "I wouldn't disgrace my horse letting her act with her."

(Continued on Page 24)

\$250,000.00 IN 1000 CASH AWARDS

Start Today in OLD GOLD'S New Easy Contest!

\$100,000.00 1st PRIZE

\$50,000.00 2nd PRIZE

THIS IS A SAMPLE CARTOON

(It is used only for the purpose of explaining how you can enter and win in this contest. Read the explanation below.)

HERE'S HOW YOU WIN!

The sample cartoon printed at the left will give you the idea of this contest. It will show you what to do to win. Look at the SAMPLE cartoon at the left. Like all the official cartoons of the contest, it has one of the conversational balloons left blank. (By a balloon, we mean the oval in which conversation is customarily printed.)

You'll notice that the girl at the left in the cartoon is saying, "Say, Mary, I wonder what kind of cigarettes I should serve at my bridge party?" Then you'll notice that the balloon for the other girl's reply is blank.

The idea of the contest is for you to supply the reply, or remark, in other words, the missing conversation for the cartoon at the left.

Anybody can think of an appropriate reply that Mary might make. If you'll read the explanation below the Sample Cartoon you'll find several different kinds of replies.

SEND IN YOUR ANSWERS EACH WEEK

Answers are to be submitted weekly in this contest. Each week for 15 weeks you send in your missing conversation for 3 cartoons. Fill in the missing conversation on the Answer Form. DO NOT SEND IN THE CARTOONS THEMSELVES.

The 3 cartoons of each week are known as a Series. Mail your answers to this First Series any time between now and midnight of the coming Saturday night.

Just remember, submit your answers WEEKLY in this contest, sending in the Answer Form each week throughout the contest. This procedure is the same as in Old Gold's previous contest. No tricks! No catches! NEITHER DOES NOT COUNT IN THIS CONTEST! Before you enter this contest, read the rules and find out exactly what you are to do. Then, when you clearly understand the rules, submit your answers in accordance with them.

GET THE CARTOONS FREE

at any cigarette dealer's or at any Western Union Office

You can get the cartoons free, either from your cigarette dealer or from the leading Western Union offices. The last 10th Week Series are now obtainable at most cigarette stands and Western Union offices in attractive Bulletin form.

With each Series you will find a convenient ANSWER FORM for filling in your answers. However, any ANSWER FORM you find in a newspaper or magazine or circular is just as acceptable as any other ANSWER FORM.

Enclose 3 yellow wrappers from packages of OLD GOLD or 3 hand-drawn facsimile copies with each of your Weekly Series of answers. This is in accordance with the Contest Rules. Address your envelope to: OLD GOLD Contest, P. O. Box 9, Varick Street Station, New York, N. Y.

If for any reason you are unable to obtain the cartoons mail the coupon below.

OLD GOLD CONTEST AW-4
P. O. Box 9, Varick Street Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of charge the official cartoons of the New Old Gold Contest.

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WIN ANY ONE OF THESE PRIZES

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10 Prizes \$500.00 ea. \$5,000.00

28 Prizes \$250.00 ea. \$7,000.00

50 Prizes \$100.00 ea. \$5,000.00

100 Prizes \$50.00 ea. \$5,000.00

800 Prizes \$25.00 ea. \$20,000.00

A GRAND TOTAL OF \$250,000.00

Accompany your answers each week with 1 Old Gold cigarette or facsimile in accordance with Official Rules

OUR PLEDGE TO EVERY CONTESTANT

We shall use every effort to conduct this contest in a manner to insure fairness and the fullest opportunity for every contestant and every person who competes.

Individual Files

The names you enter the contest, YOUR OWN, will be established and separate file will be established for each of your weekly submissions will be carefully maintained. Your file will at all times be seriously and impartially regarded by us because we realize that upon your entry in this contest you have set your heart and your hopes upon the winning of a \$100,000.00 cash fortune.

Complete Details About Winners Will Be Sent To All Contestants

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2nd Prize, \$50,000.00... FLORENCE ZIMMERMAN, 301 Callender Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

3rd Prize, \$10,000.00... R. J. JOHNSON, 2822 West 60th Street, Seattle, Washington

4th Prize, \$10,000.00... JOHN E. ROBERTS, 4822 Beaumont Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

5th Prize, \$5,000.00... WILMER C. ANDERSON, 483 Boyd Street, Beaumont, Texas

6th Prize, \$5,000.00... MRS. EMMA BARLOW, Roosevelt Hotel, Washington, D. C.

A Bulletin listing the name and address of each of the 1,000 prize winners has been mailed to every person who participated in the Contest, winners and losers alike.

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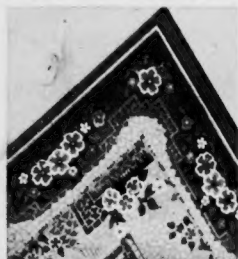
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YOU'RE in luck if you're looking for bargains in beauty! For here they are . . . in the new Armstrong's Quaker Rugs for fall. Prettier patterns, richer colorings, smarter effects . . . genuine

Armstrong quality through and through. Smooth, durable surfaces insure easy cleaning, long wear. To see these new patterns, ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rugs when you visit your local merchant.

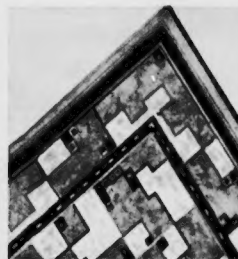
EXTRA-LARGE SIZES up to 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 12, and 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 15 feet. Exclusive with Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2-, 3-, and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -yard widths. Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3710 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



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Featured Below — No. 4645 — Modern design, with highlighted background, accented by colorful bars and blocks.



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The Armstrong Quaker Girl

ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS



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